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Contents

The Week.....	169
Editorials	
Employers Throw Down the Gauntlet.....	172
Mussolini Challenges Europe.....	173
General Articles	
The Backbone Relaxes.....	Russell Lord 175
Wasting Women's Lives—	Helena Huntington Smith 178
Three Types of Poetry: II.....	Allen Tate 180
Sunday Afternoon in the Suburbs (verse).....	Hildegard Flanner 182
Washington Notes.....	T. R. B. 183
Other People's Money.....	John T. Flynn 184
Labor and the N. R. A.....	William P. Mangold 185
Gallic Salts.....	Paul Rosenfeld 186
Another Plea for Recognition.....	John Dos Passos 187
Correspondence.....	188
Books in Review	
Five New Novels.....	Robert M. Coates 190
Hillyer's Collected Verse.....	John Wheelwright 191
H. M. S. "Bounty".....	Otis C. Ferguson 191
The Passionate Pilgrim.....	Sam A. Lewisohn 192
Scientist into Somnambulist.....	Winchell Taylor 192
Pilsudski's Poland.....	Louis Adamic 193
Books in Brief.....	194

The Week

CERTAIN employers meeting in New York City as the Board of Directors of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce issue fulminations against the American Federation of Labor, warn the workers not to join it, and say they will never recognize an A. F. of L. union. Precisely these same gentlemen often meet also as the Code Authority of the Automobile Industry. The Code Authority, set up under the N. R. A. by sanction of law, has jurisdiction over the economic practices of the industry and can enforce them with the police power of the United States government. This is a dramatic revelation of the reality behind the so-called New Deal. We are supposed to be a representative democracy, but our democratic government has handed over the regulation of industry solely to one interest therein. Neither the workers nor the consumers—who form by far the largest number and have the greatest stake in industry—are even represented on the governing board.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt's new plan for intermediate credit banks for industry is virtually a

parallel to the existing Federal Reserve System. The twelve Federal Reserve banks can now rediscount short-term loans made by the member banks. The twelve new banks proposed by the President would be empowered to rediscount or buy loans having terms up to five years. Their original capital would be supplied by the government, and they would also have authority to sell preferred stock and debentures. They would be governed by boards of directors made up of business men, and would be subject to the regulations of the Federal Reserve Board. The suggestion is based on the supposition that there is a need by small businesses for intermediate credit which the banks will not now supply. Apparently the belief is that the banks would supply this credit if they could rediscount the obligations, or if they knew there was an agency prepared to extend such credits if they did not do so. We are inclined to believe that the existence of any such need in any substantial amount is a delusion. The banks are now overflowing with excess reserves; the deposit-insurance plan has relieved them of the fear of runs and hence of a need to maintain an extraordinary proportion of their resources in cash. The reason more credit is not extended to industry is because not enough borrowers can be found who are good risks. And the reason applicants for credit are not good risks is that sufficient markets for their goods are lacking. Again we shall learn what we ought to have learned long ago, that an industrial system which is stalled because the consuming masses have not sufficient purchasing power cannot be started by pumping credit into producers.

THE Pure Food and Drugs Bill, which Senator Copeland introduced in the Senate almost a year ago, has now been revised a fourth time. Another way of saying this is that the Senate Committee on Commerce, which has the bill in hand, has made another series of concessions to the highly organized food and drug lobbyists. One more revision like the others, and nothing further will be left to concede. Of the latest revisions, the most serious is the elimination of a clause that would have prohibited the advertisements of drugs for thirty-four diseases—such as cancer, tuberculosis, appendicitis, etc.—wherein self-medication is obviously inimical to health. Another amendment gives fruit growers the privilege of enhancing the color of citrus fruits

"by means harmless to the consumer" without requiring the growers to declare such enhancement on the label. Still another restricts the power of the Secretary of Agriculture in making "multiple seizures" for misbranding—a power that he has even under the present inadequate Food and Drugs Act.

EVEN with the concessions made, however, the administration believes the bill is an improvement over the existing law. For it brings cosmetics and advertising—for the first time—within the purview of the Food and Drug Administration. These are the two chief features of the original bill which remain, though the regulation of these two industries has been severely hedged in with numerous "revisions." Advertising, which was first defined as false if it was misleading "by ambiguity or inference," is now false only if it is misleading "in any particular." The hope that patent-medicine labels could be made not only truthful but informative died when the committee eliminated the provision requiring labels to bear formulas and to say, when the medicine is not a cure, that it isn't. The Secretary of Agriculture no longer has the power to establish quality standards for foods, and, in addition, must submit all regulations for the enforcement of the act to boards of review appointed by the President. It is not impossible that these boards (one for foods and one for drugs) will be so swamped with work as to block the efficient administration of the law. In short, the fourth revision of the Food and Drugs Bill is far from the measure for consumer protection that it was a year ago. Meanwhile, a number of bills have been introduced in the House, sponsored mainly by the food and drug interests. The existence of these bills may result in further concessions before Congress finally enacts a law.

SAMUEL INSULL, wandering the high seas in a Greek freighter, is rapidly losing whatever elements of tragedy once clung to him and is sliding down the scale through pathos to the grotesque. The tragedy inheres in the millions of Americans whom he beggared through his crazy structure of finance. His case is now chiefly interesting for the charges made regarding it. It is charged, without the least proof, that he has bribed various Greek officials in order to get his way. It is also charged that American officials supposedly trying to get him returned to this country have been insincere in their efforts. According to this story, they don't really want him to come back and tell what he knows, because he knows too much about too many people.

IN ALL the haze of conjecture, one solid fact stands out. What started Greece on the road to expelling Insull after it had twice refused to let us extradite him was not Secretary Hull's cancellation of the extradition treaty but letters home to Greece from Greek storekeepers in the Middle West. They wrote to the American Legion in Athens, which, though it has only six members of American birth,

claims to represent 50,000 Greeks who fought in the United States Army. Business was bad, wrote the storekeepers, because good will was diminishing. They warned that if less were earned, less could be sent home. The American Legion, doubly concerned for the maintenance of good will with a nation that is paying hundreds of thousands of dollars annually in war pensions to persons of Greek blood, sent its executive committee for a closed meeting with Premier Tsaldaris. Tsaldaris expressed his wish to bring about Insull's expulsion.

WHAT is a riot? If you think you can answer, it goes to show that you are probably not a Utah lawyer. Charles Guynn, leader of the strike of the National Miners' Union in Carbon County, Utah, has been convicted of rioting—and naturally, a definition of rioting was involved in that conviction. Under the court's interpretation the definition is satisfactorily neat and all-inclusive: riots are occasions where masses of people are assembled with riotous purposes. They may not *do* anything, or rather anything else than assemble, but their presence in a picket line is itself rioting; for, held the court, have they not then the power and intent to riot? Since in the particular strike for which Guynn was convicted the companies' guards had attacked the ordinary picket line first established, it would appear that strikes are hereafter an easy matter to dispose of in Utah: if the pickets are few, beat them up; if they are many, arrest them for rioting. In the Guynn case the procedure has another advantage. Guynn is indicted under the Utah Criminal Syndicalism Act (never before used). That act defines rioting as one of the features of criminal syndicalism. Having now got Guynn safely convicted, by implication, of being a criminal syndicalist, it should not be hard to convict him of criminal syndicalism.

RECENTLY there was a taxicab drivers' strike in Paris, called in protest against a new gasoline tax imposed by the government. It was, in other words, a political strike, and fairly important, and the New York newspapers devoted a fair share of attention to it, considering that it took place in a foreign city. But the most interesting feature of it was one they failed to mention. The Paris taxicab drivers include a high percentage of White Russians, some of whom were barons, counts and even princes in their own country. They left Russia because there were strikes there which became more and more revolutionary, until the strikers finally seized control of the government. Having taken refuge in another country, they were forced to become taxicab drivers, proletarians. Now these former noblemen and merchants are striking themselves, striking against the French government—in other words, they are acting exactly like the Russian proletarians from whom they fled.

THE great trouble with the milk codes now being negotiated in several parts of the country is that

they are trying to solve only half of the problem. Farmers don't get enough for the milk they produce; city people pay too much for the milk they drink. The milk codes proposed by the Agricultural Adjustment Administration offer a higher price to the farmers in most localities—thus, the New York code proposes a dairyman's price of slightly more than four cents a quart, which is considerably more than he is receiving at present—but the codes make no provision for lower prices to the consumer. Of course the spread between producers' and consumers' prices is explained by the milk-distributing companies as entirely justified—their bookkeeping methods are designed to show that they are almost charitable organizations, working without profit. The Agricultural Adjustment Administration, however, has subjected their books to a careful audit, and has found that they are loaded with entirely indefensible capital and operating charges. Sweating these out and then figuring the profits on a basis of sane capitalization and normal operating costs, the audit shows that the distributing companies handling the bulk of the business in Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago and Boston made an average annual profit of more than 25 percent. During 1933, which was their worst year, their profit was more than 15 percent. In the same year, the price of milk to producers was so low that dairy farms were being sold for taxes, and the price to consumers was so high that children were going without milk. Lowering the price of it by regulating the profits of the middlemen would be certain to stimulate the demand—perhaps to such an extent that restricting the production of milk would not be necessary for many years.

AT THE time of the disastrous earthquake in Long Beach, California, The New Republic pointed out that had the shocks come two hours earlier, the list of dead and injured would probably have included a large number of children housed in cheap and flimsy school buildings, constructed with utter disregard of the fact that Southern California is notoriously an earthquake zone. At that time, most California newspapers seemed to be in a conspiracy of silence on this matter, which they broke only to denounce The New Republic for "scandal-mongering" and a "needlessly alarmist" position. As usual in these cases, however, first a critic was denounced and his charges repudiated, and then steps were taken to correct the situation—these steps being hastened by legal rulings that the members of any Board of Education can be held personally liable for damages because of faulty school-house construction. All over the state, these buildings are now being torn down and replaced, or completely rebuilt. In Los Angeles, 140,000 children will for some time get their instruction in tents; 150 schools in that city are closed, and proportionate numbers in many other communities throughout the state. The new buildings will cost at least \$25 million, even at today's low prices. For the con-

spiracy of silence that so long imperiled California school children, the chambers of commerce of the leading cities have been primarily to blame. Geologists had been warning of the danger for many years; but the business men were afraid to let earthquakes be discussed publicly for fear tourists would be kept away.

HIGH, wide and handsome, the tide of industrial recovery sweeps along. That is, it sweeps along for the great barons of industry. So long as present woes seem to them merely the ladder to greater profits they can heroically endure the misery of others. With unpleasant tax legislation put off to some indefinite future, with bountiful naval appropriations existent and in the offing, with orthodox bond salesman's economics guiding the Treasury, above all with the price-lifting and price-pegging of the N.R.A.; they no longer find the depression so ominous as it was. In all essentials the present trend is satisfactory to the big industrialists and bankers. This is the state of mind that lies behind the picture given last week by the articles of Mr. Mitchell and Mr. Mangold on the N.R.A. meetings, given by all our recent Washington dispatches, sensed in a thousand newspaper stories and statements from industrial leaders. It is the change that a year has brought.

A YEAR ago it was the big industrialists who feared revolution, some of them acutely, the rest as a vague threat on the horizon. Their own industrial world seemed to be going to pieces then, their place in it threatened. Today they no longer feel so; *their* world seems to be on the upgrade. The recovery in physical tonnage and actual dollars does not compare with the recovery in self-confidence of the managers of big business. And the consequences appear in every event. The retreat of big business is over. Do strikes threaten? They can be broken. Will unemployment continue? There can be relief. What of the farmer? The administration may do what it can. From the view of the worker, the farmer, the small business man, the professional, vast problems are as unsolved as ever. The total of misery may be almost unchanged and the threat of labor may be even greater, but their own world, so they think, is no longer foundering beneath them. When they were terrified the administration was timid. As the administration grows worried, they grow firm. Some few things may still be hammered out of them, but they will yield nothing freely. The iron of reform is cooling.

ANY intelligent prisoner in Sing Sing may and will receive *any* radical newspaper or magazine he asks for, Warden Lawes has just informed a delegation from the National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners which visited him to protest against a censorship of what political prisoners read and to ask that the status of a political prisoner be differentiated from that of a murderer, a kidnaper,

thief or degenerate. On this last point, the more important of the two purposes of the delegation, Warden Lawes expressed an official inability to treat a political prisoner differently from any other. His decision to permit radical periodicals to those prisoners who ask for them liberalizes a ruling of the Department of Corrections under which all wardens have automatically operated. This ruling is based on a list of periodicals provided the Department during the post-war Red hysteria and the days of the notorious Lusk Committee by the National Defense League. It has never been revised. The periodicals, however, are still subject to the so-called routine prison censorship, which is in the hands of Father John McCaffery, although the prisoner has the right to appeal to the warden against the deletion of any article, picture or cartoon. Warden Lawes told the delegation he thought cartoons in *The New Masses* and *The Daily Worker* likely to inflame the minds of unstable prisoners. The precedent created by Warden Lawes' liberalizing of the exclusion rule will be used by the Committee in obtaining for political prisoners in other prisons the right to read the periodicals they desire.

Employers Throw Down the Gauntlet

EVER SINCE the passage of the National Industrial Recovery Act, the anti-union employers of the country have sought to escape the intent of the collective-bargaining provisions of that law. The latest example—that of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, which announces that “the industry does not intend to recognize the American Federation of Labor as such, nor to enter into any contract with it on behalf of its employees”—is merely a repetition of action that we have seen pursued in the captive coal mines of the United States Steel Corporation, the Weirton steel plant, the Budd plant, and thousands of other minor cases throughout the country. The rulers who govern the backbone of American heavy industry—steel, automobiles and utilities—do not purpose to allow the growth of a labor movement.

The chief means of evading the law which they employ is a refurbishment of the old “company union.” The company union is a union of straw, a fictitious body, like a dummy corporation. Company unions have grown about five times as rapidly as genuine unions since the passage of the Recovery Act. They are organized in fact or in effect by the employers themselves. Such a union almost never covers the workers in the plants of more than one employer. Its constitution is usually handed down by the employer, and its elections are carried out under his supervision. If it has any dues at all, they are not sufficient to fill a war chest. Its officers are employees, and their union work is paid for, directly or indirectly, by the employer. Through under-

cover agents if necessary, the employer finds it possible easily to control the actions of such a “union.” The widely proclaimed preference of the employer, and the fear of reprisal, induce employees to “join” this union and take part in its elections. The employer then pretends that because he is willing to negotiate with the committeemen of his own organization he is carrying on collective bargaining with representatives of the employees' own choosing.

Bargaining of this sort is, however, bargaining in name only. It is like bargaining with oneself, or bargaining between a holding company and a subsidiary corporation. No true bargain can occur unless both parties have power to decline the terms offered. In a great industry, a union covering one plant only would have no such power, even if it were thoroughly independent of the employer. For it cannot strike effectively. Still less can it do so when it has no funds, when its officers are employed and paid by the opposite party to the bargain, when its laws were framed by him and its elections are conducted by him. Employee representatives, flattered and conciliated by those who have given them their jobs and from whom they receive their pay, and conscious that the rank and file has no power to support them in a struggle, do not make demands and offer terms, but rather present suppliant petitions. Even if they were honest and aggressive, they would not have the experience and skill in union activity or the expert knowledge to be any match for the employer. It is precisely because the employers do not want labor to be able to bargain collectively, and thus to be capable of exerting some real power over industry, that they substitute company unions for real ones. Any union that can exert power over wages or working conditions is denounced as one that wishes to “run the industry”—as the automobile executives now denounce the A.F. of L.

Just because employees have participated in an election to choose company-union officers, these officers are not necessarily “representatives of their own choosing.” The employees, if given real freedom of choice, might join an independent industry-wide or trade union and choose officials who are experts and are not under their employer's thumb. But they are often restrained from doing so by the employer's bitter and announced opposition to the genuine union. They fear his wrath if they join it or ask others to do so. They know that they can establish its right to bargain for them only by risking their jobs and their pay in a strike, and thus enforcing its claims on the employer—if the strike is successful. If even one-fifth of a given number of employees are willing to strike for recognition of a genuine union, one can be pretty certain that at least three-fifths more would prefer to bargain through that union if they were not afraid of the employer's vengeance.

In view of these realities of coercion by employers, it is an absurd distortion of the truth for the automobile executives to declare that an outstand-

ing reason for the strike order "is the effort of professional labor leaders to get control over the automobile workers by force, by coercion, by intimidation of employees and their families by open violence and threats of strike." Imagine a handful of labor leaders invading a city and, in the teeth of employers and police, forcing tens of thousands of workers to submit to their authority!

As long as the right of labor to organize independently of employers and bargain through independent unions is not recognized, we can have industrial peace only through industrial autocracy. If the workers are sufficiently intimidated by the employers, they may consent to remain in fact without power to protest. But that is fatal to all that the New Deal is supposed to stand for. And as long as workers retain any confidence in the New Deal, bitter controversies are bound to arise concerning the right of union recognition.

Thus the practical rights of labor rest in the limbo where they stood before the Recovery Act was passed. Its plain intent to balance the power of organized employers, who are now given full scope under the law, by the power of industrywide and nationwide labor organizations, has been obstructed in a number of the most important industries. To make that intent more explicit and enforceable, Senator Wagner has introduced his Industrial Disputes Bill. Section 4 of this bill states: "Employees shall have the right to organize and join labor organizations, and to engage in concerted activities, either in labor organizations or otherwise, for the purpose of organizing or bargaining collectively through representatives of their own choosing or for other purposes of mutual aid and protection." Section 5 states that it shall be an unfair labor practice for an employer or anyone acting in his interest "to attempt, by interference, influence, restraint, favor, coercion, or lockout, or by any other means, to impair the right of employees guaranteed in Section 4," or, what is equally important, "to refuse to recognize and/or deal with representatives of his employees, or to fail to exert every reasonable effort to make and maintain agreements with such representatives concerning wages, hours and other conditions of employment." The company union is also in effect outlawed by forbidding employers "to initiate, participate in, supervise, or influence the formation, constitution, by-laws, other governing rules, operations, policies or elections of any labor organization" or to contribute to its financial support or compensate its officers, or to practice any discrimination that would influence employees in their choice of an organization, with a proviso that would permit an agreement with a genuine labor organization for a union shop.

The bill also sets up a National Labor Board as a permanent organization, with full-time, paid members representing the general public, as well as unpaid members representing employers and labor. The Board is empowered to enforce the law by "cease and desist orders" similar to those now is-

sued by the Federal Trade Commission to prevent unfair trade practices, such orders being subject to court review. It also can act as arbitrator for labor disputes when the parties submit the case for arbitration. The Board has full powers of investigation and subpoena.

If such a law were passed and honestly enforced, the anti-union employers would find it much more difficult to evade genuine collective bargaining than they have done during the past few months. They could not form company unions or pretend that by talking with their representatives they were obeying the law. They could not, when a genuine union was formed, decline to bargain with its representatives, or announce that they did not intend to come to any agreement with it, or attempt to starve it out by a lockout—that is, by shutting down their plants. It is even doubtful whether they could—as the automobile employers have just done—distribute literature and publish advertisements urging their employees not to join unions. No wonder they are mobilizing to prevent the passage of the bill.

If employers are so obdurate against the autonomous organization of their employees even under such conservative auspices as most of the A.F. of L. unions provide, what hope is there that they will do anything to reconstruct capitalism itself? They have been acting in regard to labor exactly as they acted before the New Deal was inaugurated. They decline to grant the least iota of power to workers over working conditions, or to government, as a representative of consumers, over prices. Capitalism is behaving in the United States in 1934 just as it behaved in England in the 1890's. Collective bargaining with unions, which long since was recognized in older industrial nations, is not a revolution, Heavens knows. But the rulers of industry, whose political and economic incompetence has been so abundantly proved in the crisis, decline to accept even this moderate reform. To them, the social world does not change. Dictatorship by capital is the only formula they understand. They will cling to it, though the old order crashes about their ears.

Mussolini Challenges Europe

ONCE MORE the race between Italian and French diplomacy has ended with a victory for Italy. For Austria, the results of the Rome conference setting up economic and political coöperation of Austria, Italy and Hungary are meager indeed, but only a fool would attempt to deny that Italy's position on the Continent was vastly strengthened as a result of the three agreements to which Mussolini, Dollfuss and Gömbös of Hungary have just affixed their personal signatures. The shrewd Italian dictator has attained the end toward which he was striving. Austria is completely under his control. She will come to an understanding with Germany when he is ready for it and not before. More important is the fact that the federation of

Danubian states, that dream of every French and Italian statesman, will now become reality only with the consent of, and in the form dictated by, Italian policy. France and Great Britain must play the role of interested bystanders. By their hesitancy over the Austrian situation they lost the chance to take an active part in the creation of a Balkan league of states.

We are forced to pay tribute to the skill with which Mussolini has established his influence over Southeastern Europe. Austria is in the midst of political reconstruction to establish a fascist corporative state after Italian patterns. As a result of the conversations with Mussolini's handy-man Suvich, which paved the way for the Rome conference, Hungary is also at work on establishing a branch of Mussolini's growing fascist International. The first steps have already been taken.

Under the name "National Labor Central" an organization has been called into being, not by act of the still functioning parliament but by government decree, that is to include all categories of labor in its ranks. It is to consist, like the Italian syndicate, of four sections, industrial, commercial, professional and agricultural. Within these groups or corporations, the workers of the various branches are to form organizations that will be recognized by the government as the semi-official expression of labor's interests. They will be vested with certain restricted rights and privileges in questions affecting wages, working conditions and social policy. Hungary's already reactionary franchise is to be even more closely adapted to the needs of its dominant economic groups.

Thus the "positive fascism" of which Il Duce spoke in his address to 5,000 fascist leaders last Sunday has established a fulcrum in two of the Danubian nations, a development whose importance for the Italian hegemony on the Continent can hardly be overestimated. Before long, Yugoslavia, already under semi-dictatorial rule, and Rumania are likely to succumb to the fascinations of the Italian Pied Piper.

The economic results of the Rome parley are insignificant. What the representatives of Italy, Austria and Hungary arrived at in their much discussed conference is not even a tariff union. At best it provides for closer economic coöperation along lines laid down on previous occasions by the nations in question. Each promised the other preferential treatment in the matter of imports and mutual freight and credit advantages, all of which are to be outlined and affirmed in trade agreements to be arrived at within the next two months. Hand in hand with these agreements goes Italy's promise to do its share toward the economic rehabilitation of Hungary and Austria by encouraging the importation of farm products from the one and of manufactured goods from the other, and by extending free port privileges in Trieste and Fiume, although the last is by no means pure Italian unselfishness.

An important phase in the relations between Italy

and Austria was not touched on in the three-power conference. Benito Mussolini is, above all, a nationalist, and as such takes every opportunity to extend Italian influence and culture beyond his country's borders, even into territory that is anything but Italian in language and tradition. The National Socialists of Germany were often charged by their opponents with insincerity when, in demanding the return of German-language territory lost as a result of the World War, they ignored the fact that the Treaty of St. Germain ceded a large section of the 100-percent German Tyrol to Italy, but clamored for the return of the almost wholly French Lorraine. The reason was clear. Hitler hesitated to incur the displeasure of his fascist step-brother and avoided any issue that might conceivably cloud the amity of Italo-German relations. Dollfuss and his followers have always fought their Nazi opponents for what they termed treason to Austria's territorial interests.

But what do we see now? Chancellor Dollfuss is cheerfully playing up to Mussolini's nationalism at the expense of the Germans in Austria. He has ordered the establishment of an Italian school in wholly German Innsbruck, a proposal rejected by every previous Austrian government, since Innsbruck has only about eighty Italian families. Before the War, Italian governments had tried to extend their control over the Tyrolean sections of Austria; for they regarded its possession as essential for the fullest expansion of Italian influence in the Alpine region. Efforts to establish an Italian University in Innsbruck failed. After the end of the War Mussolini demanded that the Austrian government place the Italian and German languages on an equal footing in the borderlands, a demand that Austria considered particularly outrageous because the German language was ruthlessly suppressed in the Italian sections of Tyrol. Now Chancellor Dollfuss has taken a reverse step. That Italian crews are permitted to take charge of the international railroad route between Innsbruck and Brenner at Innsbruck instead of at the Brenner borderline is another example of the systematic policy of going along with Italy.

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The Backbone Relaxes

THREE years ago, in *The New Republic*, I summarized opinions then prevailing, in 13,431 farm and small-town homes, on a variety of modern questions. The article was called, "Cross-Sections of the American Backbone." The vote in general ran four-fifths old-fashioned or "strict," but there were indications that urban impulses were battering barriers of old-time rustic virtue, and that rural America was becoming suburbanized not only in its way of life but in its way of looking at life. The vote of those whose age was under thirty ran 10 percent or so more "modern" than the vote of the older people. And 67 percent of the 13,431 readers, young and old, who responded to this rural-magazine straw vote, held that: "Doctors should be permitted to impart knowledge of birth-control methods to married couples who apply jointly for such information."

Reporting, in September, 1930, these conflicting data, I struggled around a little, trying to correlate this with that and bring the whole to the support of a personal conviction that the old-time rural habits of mind were dying—which conviction persists. This time I deliver the findings to the professors raw. A continuing curiosity as to all that an extending industrialism is doing to our pioneer attitudes has led me to the edge of a science beyond my grasp.

That which follows roughly records an attempt to extend the 1930 inquiry (which dealt mainly with "moral" questions subject to legislation) into a realm of conduct beyond the law, and for the most part beyond the reach of churchly ordinance. It is an attempt to get at existing native standards in that field which sociologists dignify with the tag Primary Relationships; and then largely neglect.

As before, the survey was conducted by the editors of *The Country Home*, a national farm magazine established in 1877 and published until 1930 as *Farm and Fireside*. We bound the ballot into an issue of the magazine and so sent it forth among a million and a half subscribers throughout the country, to draw replies at random. From our maiden adventure as social statisticians we had learned that 5,000 ballots yield almost precisely the same division of opinion, question for question, as 10,000, and are only half so hard to compile. Aiming thus for 5,000 filled-in ballots, we drew 6,316, more than three-fifths of them from the open country, the remainder with few exceptions from small towns. More precisely: 4,004 from the open country, 1,731 from towns with fewer than 10,000 people, 468 from larger towns and cities, and 113 with addresses that could not be identified. Four-fifths of the vote came from women. Three-fifths of those who gave their ages were under forty. Divided by regions, three-fifths of the vote came

from the center of the country, and around four-fifths came from agricultural states.

The ballot was headed: Right or Wrong? A Referendum of Modern Conduct. The questions were stated in terms of problems. Problem I: Children, Love, Courtship, Marriage, told the story of Anita, a lady whose life contained a little of everything. The narrative raised twenty-one questions of fair play and propriety. In a marginal space provided the reader was asked to enter an individual judgment: "Under the circumstances, was the action in question right or wrong?"

The biography of Anita, a small-town girl, was too long to be presented here entirely. Excerpts will serve. It began:

Her parents named her Anita and brought her up by plain, old-fashioned standards. When she made trouble she was spanked. . . .

The vote: Right, 3,537, or 56 percent. Wrong, 2,562. Undecided, 217.

When she asked where babies came from, she was told that the stork brought them.

Wrong! said 5,358, or 85 percent. Right, said 850; and 108 were undecided. The more or less normal sort of trouble that Anita gave her parents throughout her teens is pretty well indicated by the vote on the next five questions:

Question	Right	Wrong
High-school dances.....	3,938 (62%)	2,192
Cosmetics	3,641 (58%)	2,383
One-piece bathing suits..	3,025	3,091 (49%)
A "steady" at fifteen....	488	5,712 (90%)
Chaperons	2,777	3,259 (52%)

The percentage-tags designate majorities, figured on the vote as a whole 6,316, with the Undecided included. Now Anita, rebelling at chaperonage in the home parlor, escapes in the evening, with an attentive young auto-mechanic, to the freedom of the open road and its by-lanes:

They rode forth in his made-over roadster, and parked, and petted. "Don't you worry," Anita told her father. "I'm wise. I know just when to stop being affectionate and to slap."

The vote on this question, tagged in the margin with the phrase, "Petting or Spooning" (within limits) was: Wrong, 4,018, or 64 percent. Right, 2,104. 194 Undecided.

Frantically worried, her father forbade her to see the young man again, and when she disobeyed him and lied about it, he spanked her, a girl almost sixteen. . . .

To liberal readers, this turn in the story may

seem fantastic. As a matter of fact, it is an actual problem, suggested, as are many of the questions, by letter-column contributions from readers bewildered by the influence of radio, talkies and other instruments of progress now general throughout America. The vote was: Wrong, 5,441, or 86 percent. Right, 794. Undecided, 194.

And now Anita falls in love with a stock-company actor who betrays and deserts her. It was a secret engagement (only 8 percent voted such engagements right). Desperate, she confides in her brother, Ned, a shadowy character, apparently sophisticated, for after having waited long enough to determine that no public disgrace, in the shape of issue, is to come from Anita's indiscretion, Ned decides that to "do nothing, say nothing" is a great deal sounder than following the seducer to Chicago and shooting or horsewhipping him, after the manner of tales of the old frontier. The vote: Right, 4,506, or 71 percent. Wrong, 1,627; with 183 undecided.

Anita, meantime, plays cards, but not for money (Right, 4,471, or 71 percent). She goes to Sunday movies with her old beau, Harry (a desecration of the Sabbath say 3,962, or 63 percent of those voting). Having joined the church, she "organizes raffles and wheels of fortune to swell the receipts at church fairs." (Wrong, said 5,095, or 81 percent.)

Harry and Anita announce themselves engaged. Jane, Harry's sister, knows of Anita's early indiscretion. Should she tell him? Should her first loyalty be to her brother or to her sex? She finally decides to say nothing. (The vote: Right, 3,920, or 62 percent. Wrong, 2,207; with 189 undecided.)

Anita's unsuccessful and childless marriage, and the end thereof, brought forth these judgments:

Question	Right	Wrong
A wife in business.....	3,243 (51%)	2,818
A husband drives away his wife's mother.....	2,428	3,696 (59%)
The wife submits and lets her mother go.....	4,678 (74%)	1,444
Divorce for incompatibility	3,974 (63%)	2,114

Finally:

Divorced, Anita went to live with her mother. Here she lives now, a competent, successful, slightly wizened person, tart of tongue, to children generous. In the last few years she has become an ardent feminist, advocating especially, at meetings of the local women's club and in letters to the papers, the wider use of Twilight Sleep and other more painless modes of childbirth. But her main effort, and the one that is beginning to make her known throughout the state, is the crusade against child labor. Only last year she appeared before a committee of the legislature and argued that child-labor legislation should be extended to limit the working hours of children on farms.

The vote:

Question	Right	Wrong
Twilight Sleep, etc.	4,409 (70%)	1,496
Extending child-labor law to farming	4,347 (69%)	1,815

If majorities in a poll of this sort have any meaning, the massed opinions thus far registered fall distinctly on the modern side. Twenty-one questions have now been passed upon, and I find only seven downright old-fashioned decisions with a majority behind them. The vote on child labor is astonishingly liberal, and so is the vote on divorce. Divorce is the one point at which the present inquiry sought to check against the previous decisions made in 1930. The result is curious. Then 81 percent of all responses was *against* "divorce on grounds of incompatibility after a reasonable period of trial." This time, 63 percent *avored* granting such divorce. Now, this swing of opinion is certainly not to be attributed to a growing liberality of rural outlook alone. The response this time was from a somewhat younger group, and from a group not confronted, as in the first survey, with a remote, impersonal question. We may with moderated expectations guess that the changed vote does reflect an increasing tendency among rural Americans to ease up in their moral judgments, to live and let live.

Problem II: The Social and Medicinal Use of Intoxicants, within the Law, posed five questions of personal conscience as follows:

Question	Right	Wrong
Taking drugstore wines and tonics (18 percent or so of alcohol, to stimulate the system), etc.	1,332	4,844 (77%)
Drinking at one's own discretion in foreign countries which have no prohibition law.....	2,380	3,771 (60%)
Accepting, on a social call, a drink of wine, beer or cider made legally at home	3,496 (55%)	2,680
Taking whisky in small doses as a medicine, under a doctor's prescription	4,687 (74%)	1,517
Selling grapes to be marketed legally in the form of grape concentrate that becomes wine when stored in the home.....	2,762	3,349 (53%)

Problem III: Whose Money? came next. Beulah, farm-reared, with ideas of independence, had saved \$900 from her earnings as a teacher. She intended never to marry. But she fell in love with Frank, one of the finest young farmers in the county. She offered, before marriage, to put her \$900 into Frank's business. Then: "We'll be partners," she proposed. "We'll draw up a contract and keep books. At the end of the year, if we have any money, we'll agree how much of it we ought to spend. Then you take half and spend it your way, and I'll take the other half and spend it mine." [Question 27. Written Contracts for Farmwives: Right, 3,709, or 59 percent. Wrong, 2,445.]

Frank, the conquering male, agreed. "That'll be just fine, sweetheart," he said. They were married; the contract never was signed; Beulah's \$900 went into the business and she didn't have the things she

felt that she needed for the children and the house. "Make it a joint checking account, anyway," she demanded. [Question 28. Joint Account: Right, 5,446, or 86 percent. Wrong, 788.]

They quarreled. Frank won. He survived as head of the house and prospered moderately. Beulah, as the years went by, resorted to the shocking but not uncommon expedient of hiding her egg money and of begging from Frank, evasively, sums in excess of need for such necessary services as dentistry. Thus she hoarded in pennies, dimes and dollars a secret fund for the children and the house. [Question 28. Secret Savings: Wrong, 3,527, or 56 percent. Right, 2,557.]

In their middle years, with the children in high school and the farm netting around \$1,800 annually, Frank wanted to put on another truck and double his retail milk trade. Beulah inherited \$1,200, just the sum Frank needed. Trustingly, he held out his hand. But Beulah flatly refused to let him have the money. She took the legacy and some of her savings and improved the house with a sun porch, electricity and plumbing. She bought books for the boys; some bright new dresses for her daughter. For herself she brought prints of two paintings she had always admired and an electrical washing-machine. All Frank got out of it was bewilderment and a suit of stiff new clothes that she bought for him and made him wear to church. "He never again," the story concludes, "felt quite the same zest in his business, but he did not slack; he is still working hard and still making about \$1,800 a year." [Question 30. Beulah's Revolt: Right, 4,641, or 73 percent. Wrong, 1,586.]

Problem IV said: "Thirty questions of right and wrong have been presented to you. You have voted. Which one of the thirty questions seemed to you the gravest, the most important?"

Of the 6,316 who returned ballots, 6,145 made a choice. Of these, 1,354 chose Beulah's revolt as the most important question. As next in importance they chose the question of sex instruction (1,207 votes). Fewer than 550 voters regarded any other one question as of first importance. Eighty-six percent of the 6,145 who chose a question as "most important" picked one of the fifteen questions relating to wedlock; 14 percent chose one of the fifteen relating to courtship, intoxicants and diversions. Thus the responses suggest a comparative disinterest in how other people conduct themselves, and an overwhelming preoccupation with the ground-rules of conduct that country people, and others, live by as one of the family at home.

The voice of the male sounded a lower and sportier moral note throughout than the voice of the feminine majority responding to this survey. The men were 16 percent more willing than the women to drink abroad, 15 percent less persuaded that Sunday movies are sinful and 10 percent more inclined to regard "petting, within limits," as

nothing but natural history repeating itself. Contrariwise, the men were 10 percent readier to declare that a fifteen-year-old daughter who gets herself talked about is not too old to be licked, and they lagged 12 percent in liberality of outlook as to the practicality of joint checking accounts.

The most striking range of opinion developed between the age groups. On questions of money in wedlock youth was old-fashioned, romantic, trustful. Note the change: "Written contracts between man and wife are right," said 50 percent of voters in their teens, 52 percent of those in their twenties and 58 percent of those in their thirties. In the forties, 62 percent were for such contracts; in the fifties, 68 percent; and 69 percent of those who were sixty or over wished they had shared by contract. The same slow swing from romance to regret is observable in the percentages of the vote on savings whereof the husband is denied use or knowledge.

Considered by regions, the vote holds certain surprises. It is not New England countryfolk who most incline to rigorous tenets nowadays. New England is 79 percent for dancing; the East South Central States are but 43 percent inclined to dance. Massing the vote by regions on five general questions of social behavior—dancing, one-piece bathing suits, cards, Sunday movies and wheels of fortune—we find the following proportion of voters favoring these amusements: In New England, 54 percent; in the Middle Atlantic States, 51 percent. In the South: South Atlantic, 35 percent; East South Central, 30 percent; West South Central, 35 percent. In the Midwest: East North Central, 49 percent; West North Central, 45 percent. Finally, the Far West: Mountain States, 55 percent; the Coast, 55 percent. The replies to this inquiry, when grouped by regions, consistently suggest that the old-time Puritan conscience has left New England and gone South. Also, it has gone West, but out there it seems neither so widely seeded nor so deeply rooted as you might think. Beyond the Rockies, Puritanism seems hardly to flourish at all. Except, perhaps, locally, in Iowa Over the Mountains, which is to say, the horseshoe-pitching colonies of Los Angeles and its environs. And even there it is a gaudy sort of up-to-the-minute Puritanism.

In 1840, three-quarters of all Americans were farmers. Today, three-quarters of us are not. We have come a long way in haste from our pastoral beginnings, but there is still a saving touch of hayseed among the vine leaves in our hair. Most of the decisions here recorded will not, after all, seem wholly strange to readers of this article who grew up in rural homes as little as twenty years ago; and if certain of the questions seem ridiculous, what is to be said of the soul-searchings of countrymen too quickly transplanted, dwelling in too little space, reading too many books and worrying because the new maid is telling Junior about the Bible and making him want to go to Sunday school?

RUSSELL LORD.

Wasting Women's Lives

The Frightful Toll of Abortion

THE DEATH rate of American mothers is a long-standing horror. Why does it never improve? Why does it compare so pitifully with that of benighted foreign lands, whose inhabitants are less zealous for hygiene and modern improvements than are those of the United States? Why do we lose between six and seven mothers for every thousand live babies that are born?

In the past, many theories have been offered in answer to these questions; lately there have been a few facts. The first set was recently presented in a report of the Children's Bureau, on a case-by-case survey of 7,500 maternal deaths. Investigators checked up on every death of this type occurring over a two-year period in fifteen states; it was the biggest study of its kind ever undertaken in this country. The doctors who did the work were almost as dumbfounded as any innocent citizen would be when they found that almost exactly *a fourth of the women had died after some form of abortion.*

In one sense the problem of abortions is not news. Everyone knows—though no one ever, ever mentions—the fact that women, despite the laws of God and man, will sometimes resort to dangerous tactics to rid themselves of an unwanted addition to the family. But now this most hushed-up of awkward subjects can no longer be ignored.

The second set of facts, also recently published, was obtained from the same sort of survey in New York City. This survey, conducted by the New York Academy of Medicine, covered about two thousand cases; it covered three years instead of two, and its findings were a trifle less explosive from a moral standpoint. In New York, 17.5 percent of the maternal fatalities were connected with the mysterious interruption of a pregnancy in its early months.

The word "mysterious" is used advisedly. Often it wasn't even that. In the Children's Bureau series, 50 percent of these interrupted pregnancies were known to have been interrupted with deliberate intent. The other 50 percent were classified as accidental, but many of the "accidental" cases were frankly regarded as suspicious. Suspicion is increased by the fact that a large majority of abortion deaths—73 percent in the federal study, 73 percent again in New York—were septic. And it is known that in a bona-fide miscarriage septicemia is unlikely to develop. In short, the authors of both reports are convinced that genuinely accidental abortion is not a large factor in the death rate. Both reports say that a great many of these deaths were shrouded in silence and evasion, that it was almost impossible to get at the facts; but the impression

prevails that a very large proportion of the fatal abortions were induced, either by a criminal practitioner or by desperate expedients at home.

The Children's Bureau and the New York reports, being concerned only with fatal cases, throw no light on the size of the problem in general. How many women are having abortions and suffering no ill result? How widespread has the practice become, under cover of society's bland refusal to know anything about it? This is partly answered in a third study made by Dr. Marie E. Kopp, of 10,000 women who were given legal contraceptive advice at Margaret Sanger's clinic in New York City. Almost exactly half of the 10,000 women had never had an abortion or a miscarriage; the other half had an average of something over two apiece. The average was considerably raised by the presence of 1,250 "repeaters," who had each had five or more.

Two-thirds of all the abortions in this series were admittedly induced, and Dr. Kopp, like every other authority, casts doubt on the genuineness of some that were called spontaneous. These 10,000 women had an average of one abortion to every two and a half confinements, which checks very well with other estimates. Figure it out on that basis for the whole country, and you get a grand national total of 700,000 abortions a year. The specific authority for that guess is Dr. Fred J. Taussig of St. Louis, who wrote a report on this subject for the White House Conference on Child Health Protection.

Whatever it used to be, the abortion problem in these days is no longer restricted to that Victorian myth, the wayward girl, nor does it go hand in hand with illegitimacy. The current studies have shown that most of the women who died from abortions were already burdened with responsibility, and left orphaned families behind them. In the Children's Bureau series, 90 percent were married. In New York the greatest number of abortion deaths occurred in the age group of 35 to 39, and in the sixth, seventh and eighth pregnancies.

There is, in fact, much to indicate that the situation is the same everywhere, and that the United States is simply feeling the wave of whatever-you-care-to-call-it that has swept the world since the War. In Russia, where abortions have been legalized, the whole question is, of course, quite out in the open; even in other countries, where they have declined to go to that length, the problem has been faced more honestly and studied more thoroughly than it has here. Dr. Taussig brought together a number of the foreign figures in his White House Conference report. Taking all countries together,

he concludes that the average death rate from abortions is about twenty for every thousand cases—outside of Russia, where legalization has greatly reduced it. For example, in Switzerland, where the mortality due to childbirth has been cut in half during the past thirty years—1.2 per thousand cases—the abortion deaths have risen to 23 per thousand. As Dr. Taussig very sensibly observes, the increase, which has been observed all over the world, is probably due less to moral laxity than to economic disturbances.

So far as the United States is concerned, there is one straw to show which way the wind is blowing. For the three years included in the New York survey, the abortion deaths amounted to 17.5 percent of all the maternal deaths. But, from 1930 to 1932 they went up, from 13.5 percent to 21.2 percent! These, be it noted, were depression years.

No one asserts that this prodigious rate of increase applies to the whole country; no one asserts that it doesn't. The figures are simply lacking. But the data we have are enough to suggest a new explanation for the persistently high level of maternal mortality. If abortion deaths throughout the land have been increasing as tremendously as the signs indicate, they alone could offset much improvement in hygiene, hospitalization and prenatal care.

It is natural to wonder why, with scores of statistical tables being published year after year, the true state of affairs has not been revealed before. But it is not hard to understand when you know how the statistics are obtained. For example, Anna J. Brown comes into a hospital with a high temperature, and a story of falling down the cellar stairs in her third month of pregnancy. The hospital authorities may or may not believe the cellar-stairs explanation, but their function is to treat her for a dangerous septic condition, not to do police work. If she dies, the death is correctly certified as due to puerperal septicemia, and that's that, so far as the hospital is concerned. This grain of fact is deposited in the county health records. Eventually it is turned over to the federal Census Bureau. And Anna J. Brown, now relegated to the limbo of statistics, becomes one of six thousand infinitely shadowy women who die in this country each year of puerperal septicemia—a disease known to centuries of women as childbed fever.

Hundreds of papers are read, dozens of luncheons are eaten, scores of committees of worthy people are called together, in an effort to find out why six thousand women annually persist in casting a reflection upon our up-to-date institutions by dying of puerperal infection. It is only when someone spends the effort and the money to go back to Anna J. Brown and her hypothetical fall down the cellar stairs that the underlying facts come out.

Forty percent of all the deaths connected with childbirth are certified as being due to puerperal infection, which is the largest single factor in maternal mortality. And in the Children's Bureau inves-

tigation it was found that 45 percent of these septic deaths followed abortion.

Whoever is to blame for the maternal deaths in this particular category—and that is a large question—the doctors and the hospitals cannot be held responsible. However, the committees of eminent medical persons who drew up the Children's Bureau report, and the New York Academy of Medicine report, did not take advantage of this opportunity for a partial vindication of their profession. Both reports almost lean over backwards in their readiness to attribute deaths to the doctor's mismanagement, in their reluctance to attribute them to the hand of God. This is a healthy and commendable attitude. The New York committee did a particularly thorough job of tabulating cases from the standpoint of responsibility. Their analysis revealed that a little over a third of the deaths must be considered inevitable in the light of present medical knowledge. But the other 65.8 percent could have been avoided, and they classified 61 percent of the avoidable ones as the fault of the physician.

If a doctor has a severe bleeding case and fails to do a transfusion, or puts it off until the woman is dying, her death is obviously his fault. If she ignores dangerous symptoms in the face of the doctor's warnings, it is just as clearly her own fault. But if she lives ten miles—on bad roads—away from the nearest physician, and doesn't get around for the required prenatal visits, whose fault is that?

The explanation for 16,000 annual maternal deaths cannot be reduced to a few simple factors. But certain points do stand out in these two reports. Caesarean section is still a menace, or at least the physician who performs it recklessly is a menace. After all that has been said and written in the past ten years about the tremendous mortality of this operation, it is repeatedly done in circumstances where good obstetrical judgment forbids it. Again, it is used as a desperate emergency measure, when long hours of labor and much handling of the patient practically guarantee that it will result in peritonitis. Greater obstetrical skill would foresee the emergency and reduce its dangers. It has been said again and again, and these latest findings confirm it, that the Caesarean section presents a tempting way out for the unskilled physician who finds himself in a difficulty. It is technically an easy operation, so he tries it and the patient dies.

For the past twenty years club ladies have been harping on the subject of prenatal care, but results prove that they haven't harped enough, because only 38.3 percent of the women in the New York series, 13 percent of those in the federal series, had prenatal care that was all it should have been. Apropos of the wide difference in these two figures, New York City has a maternal death rate consistently lower than that of the country as a whole—5.7 per thousand as against 6.6. But this is not so low as it should be, considering the city's facilities. It now appears that the club ladies will have to ad-

dress their propaganda to the doctors as well as to the public, for the poor prenatal care was often the former's fault. The sorry confusion of the statistics boils down to one solid impression, which is probably sufficient for the layman: if doctors in general knew their obstetrics better, deaths would be fewer. If they were even taught to know their limitations, it would help. A few sentences from the New York report are worth quoting.

The Advisory Committee is of the opinion that the obstetrical operative procedures are not to be undertaken unless the attendant is unquestionably competent, since many of them require a high degree of skill.

A realization by the practitioner of the danger of prolonged labor would make for more frequent and earlier consultation with the specialist, with a possible saving of human life.

The lay public must know what constitutes proper care, so that there may be discrimination in the choice of attendants. Those doctors who do not qualify will automatically be forced to meet the demands of an educated public opinion.

And so it appears that better training of doctors, more knowledge on the part of the public, will go a long way toward eliminating a majority of these needless deaths. But what is to be done about that other considerable fraction—the fifth, let us say as a guess—whose deaths were caused outside the field of respectable medicine? The simplest answer, of course, is better methods of birth control, made more readily accessible to everybody—a moral so obvious, to a realistically minded modern person, that it hardly needs stating.

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH.

Three Types of Poetry: II

IN THE preceding essay I pointed out two kinds of allegory. I argued that the explicit kind, the moralistic and crudely practical, and not the Dantesque, had come down to us in our tradition. I said that this inferior literature is an assertion of the will that ignores the imaginative creation of experience. With the decline of mere allegory, we find the rise of a new systematic structure of entities called science, which makes good the primitive allegorist's futile claim to the control of nature. Between allegorist and scientist there exists the illusion of fundamental opposition. They are, however, of one origin and purpose.¹ For the apparent hostility of science to the allegorical entities is self-reform. When this situation became fully developed, the poets, deprived of their historic fictions, and stripped of the means of affirming the will allegorically, proceeded to revolt, pitting the individual will against all forms of order, under the illusion that all order is scientific order. The order of the imagination disappeared, largely. Thus arose romanticism, not qualitatively different from the naturalism that it attacks, but identical with it, and committed in the arts to the same imperfect inspiration.

This summary will, I believe, be illuminated by a passage from Taine, who is discussing Byron:

Such are the sentiments wherewith he surveyed nature and history, not to comprehend them and forget himself before them, but to seek in them and impress upon them the image of his own passions. He does not leave the objects to speak for themselves, but forces them to answer him.

We have the endless quest of the romantic, who

ranges over nature in the effort to impose his volitional ego as an absolute upon the world. Compare Taine's analysis of Byron with a sentence from Schopenhauer:

While science, following the unresting and incessant stream of the fourfold forms of reason and consequent, with each end attained sees further, and can never reach a final goal nor attain full satisfaction any more than by running we can reach the place where the clouds touch the horizon; art, on the contrary, is everywhere at its goal.

For the will of science and the will of the romantic poet (the frustrated allegorist) are the same will. Romanticism is science without the systematic method of asserting the will. Because it cannot participate in the infinite series of natural conquests, the romantic spirit impresses upon nature the image of its own passions:

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

It is what Yeats called the "will trying to do the work of the imagination." The style is inflated and emotive, without definable objective. The poet, instead of fixing his attention upon a single experience, instead of presenting objectively the plight of human weakness—the subject of his poem—flies from his situation into a rhetorical escape that gives his will the illusion of power. It may be observed that at the culmination of French romanticism in Rimbaud, the poet, still caught upon the dilemma of the will, carried this dilemma to its logical and most profound conclusion—the destruction of the will.

¹ "Always science has grown up on a religion . . . and always it signifies nothing more or less than an abstract melioration of these doctrines, considered as false because less abstract." (Spengler: "The Decline of the West.")

The momentary illusion of individual power is the leading quality of the romantic movement. In the intervals when the illusion cannot be maintained, arise those moments of irony that form the dramatic conflict of romantic poetry. In generalizing such a quality one must exercise care; it differs with different poets. I have just pointed out incidentally how the individual will receives, in a late, and perhaps the greatest, romantic, an extreme motivation. Yet the dramatic effect is the same in poets as different as Rimbaud and Shelley. Throughout the nineteenth century, and in some cases today, we get an intellectual situation like this: there is the assumption that Truth is indifferent or hostile to the desires of men; that these desires were formerly nurtured on legend, myth, all kinds of insufficient experiment; that Truth being known at last, in the form of experimental science, it is intellectually impossible to maintain illusion any longer, at the same time that it is morally impossible to assimilate Truth.

The poet revolts from Truth; that is, he defies the cruel and naturalistic world to break him if it can; and he is broken. This moral situation, transferred to the plane of drama or the lyric, becomes romantic irony, of which this is an example: "I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!"

The will being frustrated by inhospitable Truth, Shelley is broken; falls into disillusionment; and asks the west wind to take him away and make him its lyre. In a contemporary poet, whose death two years ago was probably the climax of the romantic movement in this country, we get precisely the same quality of irony. Invoking a symbol of primitive simplicity, Pocahontas, he says: "Lie to us! Dance us back our tribal morn!"

The poet confesses that he has no access to a means of satisfying his will, or to a kind of vision where the terms are not set by the demands of the practical will. He returns to a fictitious past. There he is able to maintain, for a moment, the illusion that he might realize the assertion of his will, in a primitive world where Truth is not a fatal obstacle.

At this point one must notice a special property of the romantic imagination. It has no insight into the total meanings of actual moral situations; it is concerned with fictitious alternatives to them, because they themselves invariably mean frustration of the will. This special property of escape is the Golden Age, used in a special fashion. The romantic poet attributes to it a physical reality somewhere in space and time. In a great poet like Shakespeare, notably in "The Tempest," we get the implications of the poetic convention of the Golden Age; properly looked at, it is more than a poetic convention, it is a moral necessity of man. The use to which Shakespeare puts it is not involved with the needs of his personal will, but assists in defining the quality of his insight into the ineradicable flaws of human character. For the Golden Age is not a moral or social possibility; it is a way of understanding the problem of evil, being a picture of human nature with this problem removed. It is a qualitative fiction, not a material world, that per-

mits the true imagination to recognize evil for what it is.

Now the romantic and allegorical poet, once he is torn with disbelief in the adequacy of the poetic will, sees before him two alternatives. After falling upon the thorns of life, he may either ask the west wind to take him up, or cry for his tribal morn in the Golden Age: this is the first alternative—disillusionment with life after defeat of the will. He will seize this escape provided that he lacks the hardihood of a Rimbaud, who saw that, given the satisfaction of will as a necessity of the age, the poet must either destroy his will or repudiate poetry for a career of action. But Rimbaud is the exceptional case.

The other ordinary alternative of the modern allegorist lies in the main Spenserian tradition of ingenuous tale-telling; it is the pure Golden Age of the future, which the poet can envisage with complacency because his will has not gone off into the frustration of romantic irony. He partakes of the efficient optimism of science; he asks us to believe that a rearrangement of the external relations of man will not alone make him a little more comfortable, but will remove the whole difficulty of evil, ushering in perfection. It is this type of crude, physical imagination that we find in a Victorian like Tennyson:

Till the war-drums sound no longer, and the battle-flags are furled

In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.

The cult of the will is a specially European or Western cult; it rose after the Middle Ages; and it is the underlying idea of our criticism of society and the arts. For, given the ingenuous doctrine that poetry is only another kind of volition, less efficient than science, it is easy to believe in the superiority of the scientific method. I myself believe in it. For the physical imagination of science is, step by step, perfect, and knows no limit. The physical imagination of poetry, granting it an unlimited range, is necessarily compacted of futile and incredible fictions, which are summarily rejected as being inferior instruments of the will. And rightly rejected, if we assume two things—and this age is convinced that it is impossible to assume anything else: (1) that the only kind of imagination is that of the will, which best realizes its purposes in external constructions or in the control of the external relations of persons and things; (2) that this sole type of imagination will be disillusioned or optimistic, according as it is either imperfectly informed, as in mere poetry, or adequately equipped by science with the "fourfold forms of reason and consequent." That is the view held by a vociferous school of critics in this country, the most influential of whom has been Mr. Edmund Wilson in "Axel's Castle," a book written on the assumption that *all* poetry is only an inferior kind of social will.

The critical movement so ably represented by Mr. Wilson is the heresy that I am opposing

throughout these essays. That the kind of imaginative literature demanded by this school is the third, and I think necessarily the final, stage in the history of allegory in Western culture, may not be immediately clear. I will bring this second paper to a close by indicating that connection and its general significance.

That Mr. Wilson believes in so footling an expression of ideas as allegory may shock the reader; I confess that I am shocked; nevertheless it is true. The school preoccupied with what is called the economic determinism of literature is in the direct line of descent from the crudely moralistic allegory of the Renaissance. The notion that all art is primarily an apology for institutions and classes, though it is now the weapon of the Marxists against "capitalist" literature, has been explicit in our intellectual outlook since the time of Buckle in England, and Taine and Michelet in France. It is an article of faith in the "capitalist" and utilitarian dogma that literature, like everything else, must be primarily, and thus solely, an expression of the will. From such allegory as:

With him went Danger, clothed in ragged weeds,
Made of bear's skin, that him more dreadful made,
Yet his own face was dreadful, ne did need
Strange horror, to deform his grisly shade;
A net in th' one, and a rusty blade
In th' other was, this Mischief, that Mishap . . .

From this it is only a step to the sophisticated entities and abstractions of the agitation for social reform, whose vocabulary is an imitation, and an application to conduct, of the terms of exact science. Or rather, I should say, two steps; for the intermediate stage of allegory is the romantic irony of the age of Byron and Shelley. The contemporary allegorists have regained something of the easy confidence of their early forerunners; they believe as fully in the positive efficacy of the Marxian dialectic, as Spenser in the negative example of the Seven Deadly Sins.

Yet, the Seven Deadly Sins being now a little threadbare, our new allegorists are quite clear in their recognition that the arts, more especially poetry, have no specific function in society. The arts offer to society a most pusillanimous instrument for the realization of its will. The better the art, one must add, the more pusillanimous. For art aims at nothing outside itself and, in the words of Schopenhauer, "is everywhere at its goal." There is no goal for the literature of the will, whose new objective must be constantly redefined in terms of the technology, verbal or mechanical, available at the moment.

The significance of this movement of modern society is perfectly plain: by seizing exclusively those aspects of the total experience that are capable of being put to predictable and "successful" use, the modern spirit has committed itself to the most dangerous program in Western history. It has

committed itself exclusively to this program. We should do well to consider a specimen of contemporary romantic irony; the "He" in the passage is the Devil:

He leaned his elbows on two mountain tops
And moved his head slowly from side to side,
Sweeping the plain with his unhurried eyes.
He was the phoenix of familiar men,
Of husbands I have known, the horns and all,
But more, much more—O God, I was afraid.
I would have hid before the eyes had come.
Then they were there, and then
My guts grew warm again in my despair
And I cried "Pour la Reine" and drew my sword.
But, Christ, I had no sword.

He had no science; the fictitious sword that the hero "drew" was incompetent to deal with his desperately practical situation. Our new allegorists rest their case there; but what they neglect to provide for is the hero's failure in case he has a genuine sword of science. For, the recognition of that other half of experience, the realm of immitigable evil—or perhaps I had better say in suitable abstraction, the margin of error in calculation—has been steadily lost. The fusion of human practicality and human error in a vision of the whole of life, *the vision itself being its own goal*, has almost disappeared from the world of the spirit. A poetry written out of this volitional mentality I have described in general terms. To contrast its principles with the principles of another and greater kind will be the purpose of the next and concluding essay of this series.

ALLEN TATE.

Sunday Afternoon in the Suburbs

As if the sun were shining on the bias
the light of this day falls and will not fill.
There is a central emptiness, a cerebral hollow
not brimmed by doses biblical.

Increase of virtue in a vacuum:
flutter of moth brushed out of the best coat:
and down the Sabbath slant of time
particles of Saturday's dust float.

Cold gravy put away in a blue bowl
of willow pattern: a dynasty in grease:
double damask shaken free of pie-crumbs,
three feet of snow and a clean crease.

Pink tots delivered of beatitudes,
teeter in new leather on the front curb:
elders on plush de luxe digesting dinner
chew absently the cud of Israel's herb.

HILDEGARDE FLANNER.

Washington Notes

The Spur of Depression Grows Dull—Strings to a Dynamite Stick—On Compelling Coöperation—The Older the Uglier

WITHIN the past week the situation in Congress, so far as Mr. Roosevelt is concerned, has changed—and not for the better. I do not mean by this that either the bonus vote in the House or the outcome of the fight over the veterans' and federal pay-roll increases, forced on him by the Senate, constituted any significant White House setback. There was, of course, no menace at all in the House's passing the bonus bill. It was, as one Democratic leader aptly said, a mere political gesture. As for the increases, there was enormous pressure behind them, and many presidential supporters felt they had to vote them.

The change of which I speak is less tangible but more important. It can be noted chiefly in the altered attitude of various Senators who heretofore have been content to accept without question every administration proposal and respond to each White House request for speed. Decidedly, the spirit that inspired this sort of acquiescence has diminished and there is a marked disposition to be more critical and less prompt. This, I think, was bound to develop as business improved, as the critical state of affairs—on the surface anyhow—was eased and the country gained in self-confidence. It has resulted partly from the failure of the New Deal program to produce the "hoped for results" and partly from the constant swinging by Mr. Roosevelt himself from left to right, and from right to left. This apparently congenital tendency of the President to be neither wholly one thing nor the other seems pleasing to the people generally, but it is distinctly irritating to the convinced adherents of either position. The consequence is that in the Senate today he is being privately criticized far more than at any time since his inauguration. Little of this is as yet allowed to show publicly, but with the first really bad break in the President's luck there will be a revolt that will crack the solidarity of his party support—crack it probably beyond repair.

An unmistakable sign of change, it seems to me, is the inclination of Democratic leaders to believe there will be no adjournment of Congress before June, if then. The earnestness of the President's desire to have the session end as quickly as possible is well known. He would very much like to have Congress away before the end of May. Leaders who felt, a few weeks ago, that this could be accomplished now say it is ridiculous. They are an unstable lot, these leaders, and it is easily possible that in another month they will be singing on the former key. But, at the moment, they are emphatic in their assertion that no May adjournment is possible unless Mr. Roosevelt considerably curtails the legislative program he is now urging.

There are pending, for example, a tax bill, a tariff bill and a stock-market bill. It can be set down as certain that none of these three is going through without real debate and some delay. The tax bill, as it will come from the Senate Finance Committee, will satisfy young Mr. Morgenthau and probably have fairly solid Democratic

support. But it will please neither the liberal Senators, who wanted to see incorporated some of Professor Groves' tax reforms, outlined in his articles in *The New Republic*, and lament the lost opportunity to achieve them, nor the conservatives, who feel that the "soak-the-rich" principle is being carried to extremes. On the tariff proposal, there is forming a very real and obstinate opposition. It has the support of various manufacturing and business organizations and is sure to stir up a fight. But, as previously reported here, the chances are that Mr. Roosevelt will be given the power he asks. It is regarded by Secretary Wallace—who is becoming increasingly recognized as the ablest man in the Cabinet—as vital to the recovery program, particularly for agriculture, and it is being supported strongly by the more thoughtful among Mr. Roosevelt's liberal advisers. The best opinion is that Congress will give the President the authority he requests, but give it with such a good, stout string attached that it can always be jerked back again. In brief, it will insist that before any tariff treaty negotiated by the President with any country becomes effective it must be ratified by the Senate. Mr. Roosevelt distinctly does not want this hampering restriction. He may be able to head it off, but that will require all the pressure and persuasion he can bring to bear.

As to the stock-market-regulation bill, the indications are that it will be thoroughly rewritten, much modified, but finally passed. It will have many teeth drawn and it will by no means be the bill Mr. Roosevelt wants. What is happening to it is a convincing demonstration that Wall Street has not altogether lost its power in Washington. The Street will not like the bill in its final form, but then the Street would not like any regulatory bill in any form. The modifications, however, will partially appease the Exchange leaders. From the howls of anguish emitted over the original form of the bill one would have thought the proposal was to burn all brokers at the stake.

The three measures cited above are the main features of the legislative program yet to be dealt with, but by no means all of it. There is, too, the Bankhead compulsory-cotton-curtailment bill, over which there will be a struggle. This involves an expansion or extension of the agricultural policy, which is expected to begin with cotton but, many think, will inevitably be applied to every other basic crop, which now number twelve and, if the peanut-crop amendment adopted by the Senate is accepted by the House, will number thirteen. The Bankhead bill involves a complete departure from the policy of voluntary coöperation and aims to establish crop reduction by frank compulsion. It is easy to realize that this, too, is a controversial proposition and will be enacted only if the full weight of the administration is put behind it. Such is, I am informed, exactly what is already behind it. There seems little doubt that it will go through.

Further, there are the air-mail-contracts bill, the sugar bill, the communications bill, and the bus and waterways-regulation bill. All of these are administration measures, and most of them will be adopted without prolonged discussion. Nevertheless, they will take time, and if the President wants an early adjournment, he will be wise not to push them all. Already two measures of major importance, which he advocated, have failed. One is the St. Lawrence

Waterways treaty, which the administration was simply not strong enough to jam through. The other is the pure-food and drugs bill, to which Mr. Roosevelt gave such faint support that it was easily emasculated—so much so that Professor Tugwell, its author, seems to have lost interest in it.

Looking at the situation as a whole, it is clear that at this session Mr. Roosevelt will by no means have the perfect score he achieved at the last. He has a program that promises to keep Congress in session for another two months at least, and the longer it stays the less tractable it is likely to become. The clearer-headed of his advisers in their talks with the President are stressing this axiomatic political fact.

Washington.

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

*Hot Air Moves No Tonnage—Slippery Steel
Statement—The Jolly Roger Still
Flies o'er the Seas*

WHEN THE moment for writing the history of this period arrives, let it be remembered that in the battle behind the scenes over the Stock Exchange Bill, the most powerful friends of the New York Stock Exchange were to be found in high posts in the Roosevelt administration.

It is a simple trick to deceive the people of the United States with strong words. It is easy, for instance, to announce that "Congress must pass a strong bill" against Wall Street and at the same time turn all the energies of the administration to weakening the bill. The strident announcements please the people. The tooth-drawing behind the scenes pleases Wall Street. In the end, the performance leaves one who sees the bill from behind the wings a little sick at the stomach. If anyone thinks that Wall Street hasn't got both its feet planted strongly in the New Deal he is very much mistaken.

On another front the old dodge of bringing about recovery by lying goes merrily forward. The newspapers announced on Sunday, March 11, the glad tidings that February had just seen the most amazing rise in expressed purchasing power in over a decade. The headlines were a perfect example of the two streams of news which flow through our newspapers. One stream flows across page one, where the proletariat and the peasantry can read it and be edified. The other flows—if it flows at all—on some pages in the very back of the paper in the professional business-news columns. In most papers it does not get even on page 32. Here is the way the two streams flow.

Page 1. "Store Sales Rise 16 Percent in February." "Biggest Rise in Store Sales in Fourteen Years." The stories surmounted by these pleasant headlines reveal that department-store sales were "16 percent higher in February, 1934, than in February, 1933." Since it is not analyzed, it pleases everybody from General Johnson up.

In the back of the paper in the mercantile news, however, appears the following:

Surprise was expressed at the Washington conference by government officials when they were told by

retailers that while dollar sales had been rising, the actual amount of merchandise being moved was less for the country as a whole. . . . The gain of 16 percent in department-store sales last month was made possible by an advance of about 25 percent in prices over the year. The loss in unit volume therefore was about 7 percent, which means that 7 percent less merchandise was sold than last year. (The New York Times, March 11, 1934.)

Just mull that over. February, 1933, marked the low point of our national demoralization. Banks were closing. Money was running to cover. Unemployment was at its peak. Yet in that month the American people actually bought more merchandise in their department stores than they did in February, 1934, with the government pumping hundreds of millions into purchasing power. What sort of recovery is this?

Mr. Myron C. Taylor, chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation, stated in his annual report, just made public, that under the N.R.A. the company had advanced hourly wages and salaries 25 percent. This, he assured us, "had added materially to the cost of production and has been offset only in part by higher prices for steel products shipped in the last five months of 1933." This leaves something to be explained. The company's gross revenue in 1932, according to its statement, was \$357,201,703, of which \$133,912,809, or 37 percent, was paid out in wages. In 1933, the company's gross revenue was \$524,968,768. Of this \$163,149,503 was paid out in wages. This was 30 percent. So while the Steel Corporation paid out 37 percent of its gross in wages in 1932, it paid out only 30 percent in 1933. Was it or was it not creating new purchasing power in proportion to the goods it sent out into the market?

Just a little note on the Department of Commerce: Remember, under Coolidge and Hoover, this was supposed to be a mere department of business? Now it is under the dominion of the New Deal. It is presided over by Mr. Secretary Daniel Roper. Mr. Roper was Commissioner of Internal Revenue under Wilson. He came out, wasted the necessary statutory year in some innocuous business and then opened in Washington a law firm that became one of the leaders in practice before the Internal Revenue Department over which he had presided. He went directly from this form of law practice to the Secretaryship of Commerce under the Not-So-New-Deal. One of his first moves when the National Recovery Act was passed was to name a Committee of Forty-one as an advisory council, "to chart the pattern of our economic life," for the future. This committee consisted chiefly of a group of business executives most of whom had their share in charting our course into the depression. There were Mr. H. I. Harriman, president of the Chamber of Commerce, Walter Teagle of the Standard Oil, Alfred P. Sloan of General Motors and many others of the same school. This was not the Industrial Advisory Council of the N.R.A., but the Committee of Forty-one, an entirely separate thing. Next we learned that the Assistant Secretary of Commerce had formed a committee to "study" the stock market and recommend legislation. At the time I warned about the activities of the committee. Its personnel, when first named,

included the Assistant Secretary of Commerce, the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury (Mr. Dean Acheson) and Mr. Arthur Dean, counsel for many big investment houses. Mr. Berle and Commissioner Landis constituted a minority of this committee. When the Stock Exchange Bill was introduced from Mr. Pecora's committee, Mr. Roper's Assistant Secretary of Commerce—who formed the committee to "study" the Stock Exchange and stacked it with Wall Street timber—appeared as the chief opponent of the Bill.

And another morsel. For thirty-three years the shipping interests have been battling for shipping subsidies. Old Senator Frye of Maine led the early fights. Then Mark Hanna became the next leader during the Roosevelt administration. John D. Archbold, the bribe-master of Standard Oil, led the extra-official fight for the bill. Senator Chauncey Depew submitted his speeches on the bill to Mr. Archbold before delivering them. Later it was discovered that Henry H. Rogers, of Standard Oil, was interested heavily in these measures. The Democratic party took then, and has always maintained, a firm stand against shipping subsidies. These subsidies always had the marks of the "grab" on them. Then after the War a great pother was made about making America self-sufficient on the seas. Millions were squandered in subsidies and at the end of the orgy it was discovered that almost the entire merchant marine of America was sunk. What is more, Kermit Roosevelt and his friend (also the President's friend) Vincent Astor have tremendous interest in subsidies via their interest in the International Mercantile Marine. And now, the Secretary of Commerce, who named the Committee of Forty-one, who formed the Stock Exchange and anti-Securities Act committee, whose assistant led the fight on the Stock Exchange Bill, has dug up this rotten old Republican scheme of shipping subsidies and announced last week that the government should pay subsidies directly to American ships. Thus the New Deal rolls along.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

Labor and the N. R. A.

*Pallbearers Come to Life—Negotiate to Disagree
—“Round and Round the Publicity Bush,
the Farley Plays the Weasel”*

IT IS quite apparent that the impending threat of a new strike wave is causing considerable worry both in the N.R.A. and in industry. For there are strong indications that this spring offensive of labor will be more militant than any the country has seen in a good many years. The National Labor Board is especially concerned because in a number of instances the workers have refused to call off strikes at its request or at the request of the Regional Labor Boards. This was the case in the twelve-day "holiday" of 4,000 men in the plants of the Aluminum Company of America. On the day the strike began, the National Labor Board wired the National Council of Aluminum Workers—the A.F. of L. federal union in charge—that the strike should be "called off at once so that the Pittsburgh Regional Labor Board will have opportunity to investigate case." The aluminum workers, however, felt otherwise. They replied they would have nothing to do with the

Pittsburgh Board. It was a body, they pointed out, that labor leaders have described as being composed of "super-annuated politicians" and "honorary pallbearers" and from which nothing could be expected. The "holiday" was ended last week, when the workers accepted the company's offer of an 11-percent wage increase, with the stipulation that demands for union recognition and the check off of union dues would be discussed at later meetings.

A similar defiance of the N.R.A. occurred in the soft-coal fields of Alabama, where 9,000 miners have been on strike for more than three weeks. On March 8, the District Coal Labor Board warned the strikers that their complaints would be dismissed unless they returned to work. (The Bituminous Coal Code provides for compulsory arbitration and declares that the decisions of the Coal Labor Boards "shall be accepted by the parties to the controversy as effective for a provisional period of not longer than six months." Strikes, of course, can be outlawed under this provision.) Officials of the U.M.W.A. have also urged the men to return to the pits. But despite these orders, the strike has continued. Four companies of National Guardsmen are now patrolling the area, ordered there following a slight disorder that occurred when the miners disarmed fifteen special deputies.

Again, in New York City, 4,000 taxi drivers employed by the Parmelee System, who are now on strike for the second time within a month, have rejected a peace proposal offered by the New York Regional Labor Board. Mrs. Elinore M. Herrick, acting chairman of the Board, had offered to conduct a poll to determine whom the drivers wished to represent them—provided that they first called off the strike. This they have refused to do, declaring that the proposal "offers nothing tangible." The results of the Weirton and Fifth Avenue Bus Company elections (in which the workers were intimidated by company officials) clearly indicate, say the leaders of the taxi drivers' union, "that plebiscites held on company premises, and particularly after strikers return, create conditions entirely unfavorable to organized labor." And certainly the bungling of William H. Davis, National Compliance Director, in the Budd Manufacturing poll (in which 800 strikers were excluded from voting) has not added any to labor's faith in the value of elections. The Taxicab Drivers' Union has offered to submit its enrolment books as proof that the Parmelee drivers have selected it as their organization. Company officials, however, are unwilling to deal with the union leaders. Meanwhile, it is reported that the drivers are being coerced into joining a company union and that the city police are preventing effective picketing.

It is perhaps more than a coincidence that, at the same time this open disregard of the N.R.A.'s mediation facilities is being manifested by workers, the National Labor Board has suddenly come to life. Within the fortnight, it has decided that a number of long-standing disputes—some going back to last October—should be settled decisively, one way or another. The Weirton case is now in the hands of the Department of Justice for immediate prosecution. The Board has prepared a list of six charges against the Weirton company, including (1), that the employees have been denied the right to bargain collectively through rep-

representatives of their own choosing; (2), that the company has practised restraint and coercion on the workers; and (3), that the company has required as a condition of employment that its employees join a company union.

Similarly, the Board has ordered prosecution of the Harriman Hosiery Company of Harriman, Tennessee, 500 of whose workers have been on strike since last September under the leadership of the American Federation of Full Fashioned Hosiery Workers. Some seventy-five of the strikers have been jailed for violating an injunction that permits arrest of two people for assembling or for even talking together. T. Asbury Wright, the company's counsel, informed the Board last week that the final word from his clients was that they would never recognize the hosiery workers' union, because under "the Johnson-Richberg interpretation [of Section 7a] you do not have to enter into a particular contract." Further, his clients believed that the 500 strikers should continue to be strikers, receiving government relief, and that the National Labor Board should leave the company alone. In referring the case to the Department of Justice, the Board charges the company with infringing upon the rights of its employees to bargain collectively "by entering negotiations with bad faith and with definite intention not to make any agreement with the representatives of its employees." There are at least a dozen more disputes of the same character, which will probably be scheduled for prosecution unless the companies involved suddenly decide to reach an agreement with their workers. The question is, can the Board regain its lost prestige by these belated tactics?

On the day that President Roosevelt urged on the nation's business leaders, assembled in Washington, the necessity of increasing wages and reducing hours, Postmaster General Farley announced that the government's 270,000 postal workers would have to take another wage cut. This one will be in the form of four-day payless furloughs and, it is estimated, will bring the total wage reduction that postal employees have suffered in the last year and a half to 27 percent. It is also Mr. Farley's announced intention to save an additional nine million dollars by lengthening the hours of work. Strange doctrine from an apostle of the New Deal!

Particularly hard hit by this program will be the 28,000 substitute post-office employees, many of whom are already in dire circumstances. Their average pay during the past year has been as low as \$6 to \$10 per week. And under this economy scheme, their opportunities for work will be more restricted than ever. The postal employees point out that of the \$100,000,000 saving of which Mr. Farley has boasted, \$80,000,000 has come out of postal wages. Contrary to general belief, the postal deficits are not caused by inefficiency. The postal service normally makes a profit of \$50,000,000 on first-class matter. Its yearly loss is the direct result of the low rates at which the government carries second-class mail, *i. e.*, periodical matter, for it loses \$100,000,000 a year on this. One would think that here, rather than in the salaries of underpaid workers, is the logical place for adjustments, if Mr. Farley wants the department to make a better showing—unless, of course, he is afraid of annoying the newspapers of the country.

WILLIAM P. MANGOLD.

Gallic Salts

THE INHALATION of highly tonic crystals and the agreeable recollection of an old promise: these were the alternate consequences of the Monte Carlo troupe's New York production on March 9 of the ballet "Les Matelots"; choreography by Massine, decorations by Pruna, music by Georges Auric. With each of its means, "The Sailors" freshly concentrates the salty lightness of temper persistently characteristic of the French and perennially bestowed upon us by their artists: the peculiar ironic buoyancy nourished by their relish of human nature in all its amorality paired with an acute sense of its inner contradictions. The action of the blithe little ballet conveys the happy humor with a half-jocose, half-tender representation of the facile adjustments associated with the waterfronts. In flinging, loose-limbed, masculine dances interspersed with coquettish, formal, feminine ones, and in staccato pantomimic play, three gobs and their girls swiftly enact a gay tale of partly serious relationships. While the girls pine in port, the jolly tars sketch unconventional "designs for living." Later, the leading jack jealously returns to his patient little Penelope. The others cheerfully circulate their fair.

Meantime, the gay, witty curtains, scenery and costumes heighten the mood with their harmonies of crude, clear tints of a watercolorlike brightness; while the other component of this delightful, delightfully presented little work of art, the music, puissantly reinforces the whole picture. Auric's pungent, scherzando score is not only adequate to the idea. Quite in the Chabrier tradition, it is one of the most vigorous items of the newer French music. It is light music inasmuch as it requires small effort of its auditors, gives immediate pleasure, exploits music-hall material in the forms of waltzes and other popular dances, and remains fairly uniform in rhythm and consonant in harmony. At the same time it is quite dissimilar from such spineless affairs as Virgil Thomson's score for "Four Saints."

Auric has taken an energetic hold on his medium. His expressions are smart, rounded, organic; and balanced. While the character of the music is mainly burlesque, in the spirit of the subject, lyrical passages, the exquisite "Solitude" and the romantic nocturne, for example, do contrast with, and give value to, the harder expressions. They figure as the moderato and the trio of the scherzo of the five-part symphonic mold—allegro brillante, moderato, theme with variations, scherzo and rondo—in which the work is archly cast.

As for the agreeable recollection of the old promise alluded to above, it flowed directly from the perception of the score's effectiveness. The pledge itself dated from the days of the Armistice, when young Auric, as a member of the famous, short-lived Parisian Group of Six, loudly along with his confreres advertised his intention of producing a music robust, brinier, more crude-colored *à la française* than that of the impressionists, and recuperative of the tradition of good "light," "vulgar" music. Auric's first experiments were interesting although brutal; and they were all of his that we over here were permitted to sample. His later pieces were incidental and ballet music; so they did not reach us. For we have no institutionalized ballet,

and our musicians are not to be deflected from their interminable Beethoven, Brahms and Wagner rackets. Only such charming but unassuming compositions of Auric's as his incidental music to René Clair's "A Nous la Liberté" managed to cross the ocean. It was impossible not to suspect the composer of graceful defalcation. It took the performance of "Les Matelots" to assure us that we had too easily permitted ourselves to be discouraged, and that, already in 1925, the date of the production of this score, the "bad boy" had distinctly been making good.

PAUL ROSENFELD.

Another Plea for Recognition

QUIRIGUAU is in the low-lying banana lands along the East Coast. Along the railroad United Fruit has set out a row of greenish-yellow frame buildings like buildings some place in Ohio. The damp night comes on enormously hot under the tall gawky trees whose names we don't know. The last of the frame buildings is a boarding house dingy and crowded like a railroad boarding house at home. It's hot in there, smells of sweaty bedclothes and Flit. A few foremen and overseers, from Texas or Oklahoma by their talk, are eating supper. They have guns on their hips. The sweat glistens on their necks and in the hollows of the collarbones under their open shirts. It's too hot to eat. We step out of the squalid light and the protecting screens of the boarding house into the breathless hot dripping dark. The night insects aren't as noisy as we'd expected, shriller, but no noisier than katydids at home. There's an occasional thin whine of a mosquito in our ears. The hospital looks empty and dark. The patients have been put away for the night. The lights are shaded in the wards. The corridors are dim. It's completely quiet in the hospital, but you can feel a faint crowded stirring behind the white walls. "Yes, the Señor Doctor would like to see you, he is free now."

We sit drinking coffee at a round table in a small room under a dim electric light with the Malaria Man and another doctor. Through the screens in the crowding darkness comes a little soft feeling not of coolness but of moisture. From somewhere far away the one-cylinder motor of a water pump gives your skull sharp regular taps as with a metal rod. It's hard to talk, it's too dark outside, the light's too dim.

Yes, they know about the attempted revolution in El Salvador. It's the communists. The Malaria Man (he is a Scotchman, he is a scientist of distinction, he is an employee of United Fruit) has seen the confidential report of the Guatemala police. It was a very dangerous uprising. They captured Santa Ana and several other towns and held them for several days. Many Americans and people of prominence fled to Guatemala. No, there was no danger here, the police had acted in time, arrested eleven leaders, shot some of them. Nothing had gotten out to the press at all. That was efficient action. In El Salvador it had been terrible though. From there the thing might have spread to all Central America. The extraordinary thing about it was that there had been many educated people involved. They had stirred up the masses against the army officers and coffee planters. There'd almost been a massacre

of army leaders in Santa Ana. Even in San Salvador, the capital, there'd been trouble. The communists had stirred up the wild Indians and the town workers and part of the army. Prominent officers had been shot, some of them tortured, eyes burned out with cigars. What the doctors couldn't understand was that men of education like themselves had been mixed up in it, agitating against imperialism, demanding land for the Indians, higher wages for plantation workers. In fact they were planning to expropriate all the coffee and banana lands. It was the communists behind it, agents from Moscow undoubtedly. Too bad that the leader in Guatemala, he'd probably been shot by now, had an English name. He was a Honduran, the son of an Englishman, no, not a real Englishman of course. Anyway, thank God, it was over now. The army was in control. The government of El Salvador was making a thorough clean-up. They'd been shooting two or three hundred people a week. All kinds of people, doctors, lawyers, students, people of education and breeding that you wouldn't have expected to be mixed up in a criminal business like this. They're keeping a firm hand on the situation. "Now that they've got communism stamped out," said the Malaria Man, "I suppose the government of the United States will feel more like recognition. Yes, you really ought to recognize them now."

The pump kept up its steady tapping on our skulls out of the crowding blackness. It was good to get out of the dim hospital where the dense steam of the night seemed to be always crowding in around the dim electric bulbs. There was little sleep in the wilted stuffiness of the boarding house.

Next morning we went down the little rickety line of the banana railroad on a motor section-car, through banana plantations gutted and ragged from the cutting of the crop, to the ruins of the Old Empire city. The ruins had been cleared of jungle a year before but already saplings rose eighteen or twenty feet high from the crumbled terraces and pyramids. Here stands the row of enormous steles that have furnished the date that links the Mayan calendar to ours. These stones, standing grimly in line, swelling with the enormous strength of their great half-obliterated carvings, still give you, through all the confusion of races and empires long dead, of languages and writings that can never be understood, a feeling of serene order and form that is an actual refuge, like a strong stone house, cool against the sun, in the midst of the terrible silent carnage of the tropical rain-forest, so that, after seeing them, the railroad and the guns of the overseers and the loading sheds and the up-to-date malaria hospital, all the carefully organized machinery for efficiently squeezing out of the spongy soil and the sweat and blood of the yellow, brown and white mongrel race of workers who live in the rows of company shacks and whose arms belong to United Fruit, bananas and dollars for the North, seems feeble and flabby, not organization at all, not order at all.

On the way back up to Guatemala City there was a woman in the observation car whom an unhappy-looking man, evidently her husband, was very tenderly taking up to a sanitarium in the capital; she was a pleasant-faced middle-aged woman; she was crazy, she lay back in her seat and screeched like a parrot all the way.

JOHN DOS PASSOS.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

Why the Dialectic Exists

[In Mr. Eastman's article, "Against the Marxian Dialectic," The New Republic, February 21, a quotation from Marx was given as follows: "Man makes his own history but he does not make it out of conditions chosen by himself, but out of such things as he finds at hand." The word "things" was not in Mr. Eastman's copy and appeared in the article through error.—THE EDITORS.]

SIR: It is on the basis of an interpolation that Herman Simpson, in his reply to my article [The New Republic, February 28], accuses me of so monstrously misrepresenting Marx. "In this context," he cries, "'things' can only signify: the physical environment external to man," and he adds: "A cruder misquotation and misinterpretation I have rarely come across."

I think it is a fair comment on the frame of mind in which Herman Simpson answered my argument that he should have directed the central fury of his attack against a printer's error. I have a sincere respect for Simpson's learning, and for his work in many fields, but he seems to me in this discussion not only beside the point, but literally beside himself with rage at my blasphemy. If further evidence were needed that dialectic materialism is not a scientific postulate, but a religious belief, it is to be found in the mixture of weak irony, wild outcry and purblind evasion with which he meets my proof of it.

The unique thing about Marx's philosophy, and what prevents clear minds from finding their way out of it, and out of the endless dry wastes of this argument about who understands it and who doesn't—this new revolutionary Talmudism—is the fact that Marx himself did not want to create the philosophy at all. Marx denounced philosophy, and derided it, and made every effort in his power to escape from it and write purely empirical science. He failed only because, being a Hegelian philosopher, he did not know how. He did not realize that this escape can be made only by maintaining some sort of skeptical poise about ultimate problems. Since he did not want to write a philosophy, but merely to *prepare for an act*, that rationalization of the wish which constitutes the heart of his philosophy is not presented frankly and openly, as it is in other systems. The appeal to the will-to-believe is never laid on the table. It is covered up in a sincere pretense at hard-headed, purely empirical determinations of "material fact." And the moment you do uncover a bit of it, the accomplished Marxian leaps forward and draws some new veil over it—provides some new way of pretending. I mean, that the whole thing is nothing but plain factual common sense, and that your difficulty is a mere constitutional incapacity for the delicate and special art of "understanding Marxism."

An example of this is the recent idea that by the "historic necessity" of communism, Marx merely meant that we must *either* have communism or sink into barbarism. Marx never hinted at such an alternative.

Another example is to be found in Herman Simpson's answer to my argument. I pointed out that to attribute to human society, as explained on a material basis, an "endless evolutionary progress from the lower to the higher," and this, regardless of whether men "are conscious or unconscious of it," is optimistic metaphysics. It is attributing to your material world a mysterious regard for human values, the word "higher" having no meaning except from the standpoint of such values.

In reply Simpson simply asserts that there is nothing mysteriously optimistic about this process at all, that Engels is merely "looking back over the past" and observing an evolution "from the formless horde to the organized tribe, feudalism, city-state, nation-state, empire, etc.," which is obviously leading "to the world community, to communism." This he describes as a "transparently simple realistic conception" not in any wise dependent upon "an ancient Greek 'parlor game'"—that is, upon the conception of reality as "dialectic." It is, he implies, a mere summary of the findings of history and sociology.

Instead of replying to this, I will bring forward another and

slightly more "mysterious" and "optimistic" quotation from Engels. "The celestial bodies," he says in the introduction to his "Anti-Dühring," "like the formations of the organisms by which they are under favorable conditions inhabited, arise and perish, and the courses that they run . . . take on eternally more magnificent dimensions." Is not this quite obviously the survival of a religious belief? It is an attribution to the stars and planets, material though they be, of behavior that is nothing short of sublimely ideal: And yet it merely expresses in these astronomical (and biological) regions that same faith in a benign universe which Marx expressed in the sphere of history and sociology when he spoke of "the higher life-form toward which the existing society strives irresistibly by its own economic development," and asserted that "the working class has no ideal to realize, it has only to set free the elements of the new society" ("The Civil War in France").

What will Herman Simpson say to this further uncovering of the animistic kernel of the Hegelian-Marxian philosophy? Will he try to tell us that this too is a "transparently simple and realistic conception," a mere summary of the findings of modern astronomy? I do not know. I do know that he will discover *some way* of covering it up again, some way of pretending that the dialectic philosophy does *not* attribute a regard for human values—provided, of course, that they are communist values—to an allegedly material world. That is, however, what the dialectic philosophy does. That is what it exists for, and that is what it is.

Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

MAX EASTMAN.

Buttressing the Housing Program

SIR: Albert Mayer, Henry Wright and Lewis Mumford in writing, and The New Republic in publishing, the series of articles on "New Homes for a New Deal," have rendered a public service of outstanding importance. Having said which, may I offer a constructive criticism of the otherwise realistic program set forth by the three authors in their joint concluding article of March 7? This concerns the problem of government subsidies and land costs.

Once the site for a community-housing project is acquired, the authors wisely recommend public ownership and control of "all the land used in community building, including that needed for commercial and industrial structures and for surrounding park and agricultural areas." But they do not tell us how, under our present unscientific system of real-estate taxation and condemnation procedure, it will be possible to acquire sites at prices which will not result in just what they are trying to avoid—the salvaging for holders of slum property of "values" that do not exist.

Until we deflate land prices by raising our local revenues through the collection by municipal government of the economic rent which public expenditures and the presence of population create, all of the funds which the federal government can be induced to pour into our cities will never make them in fact the foundation for the stable and healthful community life which the authors of "New Homes for a New Deal" seek to create. Indeed, the very "reduction in taxes for hospitals, courts, prisons and health services" which are expected "partly to offset the amounts expended"—unless such reductions are taken from taxes on improvements and not from taxes on land values—will tend to increase land prices and to make community-housing projects correspondingly difficult to finance.

The "broad educational campaign" which the Mayer-Wright-Mumford article recommends, and for which it furnishes many stimulating ideas, might well include a primer on finance and taxation.

New York City.

HAROLD S. BUTTENHEIM,
Editor, The American City.

SIR: In the recent excellent articles on housing I have looked in vain for emphasis on the government's strongest weapon, its power to exercise the right of eminent domain. The President has been granted this power and we who are interested in

stopping the decay of our cities are praying that he will use it.

I have been told that he will not use it, in a given city, unless a local authority requests that he do so. This sounds sensible and just. But, to those who realize the power of politics and the awful reverence of landowners for the right to reap unearned profit, it likewise sounds impossible of occurrence.

In Chicago, almost within the shadow of the Neonic Gates to A Century of Progress, there is acre after acre of slum land, filthy, unhealthy, a fire menace and a penal breeding place. I was told at the County Recorder's Office that taxes have not been paid on much of it and that not even the tax sharks will buy it up—they consider its future so hopeless. It is a great expense to the city as your articles have pointed out. But try to option any of it! The rumor spreads that there is a sucker on the horizon—and the old hold-up starts.

The only hope of acquiring such land for useful service at a fair price seems to be by process of condemnation, the same method used in acquiring streets, the same principle intended in the zoning law—the greatest good for the greatest number. The land is now worse than worthless; the buildings are liabilities; but behind them is a vague dream in the brain of the owner that some day a value will return. That future dream-value becomes the real value, if any inquiry is made, and, if condemnation is discussed, there is horror and hate because he is to be robbed of the dream. Truly, ideas seem more than ever to be the only realities. . . .

Chicago, Ill.

RUSSELL S. WALCOTT.

In Defense of Romaines

SIR: Among the most inept criticisms that have appeared on Jules Romaines' "Men of Good Will," Mr. Cantwell's "Prologue to Fascism" [The New Republic, February 14] is undoubtedly the worst. . . .

The most serious offense of Mr. Cantwell is not so much against the Muse of literature, nor is it against good taste; it is against decency, in stating—by innuendoes of this type: "He is concerned, not with the misery of the toiling masses, but with the preservation of the status quo. And it is noteworthy that his Men of Good Will, like so many of Hitler's Storm Troopers, are drawn from the middle classes."—that Jules Romaines is a fascist or a middle-class writer, interested in the struggles of his class only. This statement is rendered perfectly ridiculous by the books which follow (so far I have read the six volumes which have been published in French).

As an instance, we have the last book published under the title of "Les Humbles" which deals entirely with poor people. Such descriptions as the tribulations of Louis Bastide (who is eleven years of age) and tries to be self-supporting when his father loses his job, the wonderful picture of the thirty years of married life of the Bastides, their struggle to save a few pennies, and finally the loss of M. Bastide's job, after twenty years of faithful service, and the ensuing tragedy in the home of the unemployed father, are more than enough to convince anyone that Jules Romaines has felt these miseries himself. He has felt, more keenly than anyone else, the utter destitution in certain quarters of the Paris he loves. If Mr. Cantwell really wants to be fair, let him read "Men of Good Will" to the end, let him follow Jules Romaines to the tarpaper shack of the ragpickers at the very gates of the capital, let him read the chapter called: "Jérphanion Seized by the Revolutionary Idea" and he will then recognize his mistakes. . . .

In the name of fairness I beg to correct the impression given by the "Prologue to Fascism." Jules Romaines understands human sufferings, resents the destitution of the poor and expresses it. He shows how empty the life of some of the upper-class people is and expresses his indignation against all those who maintain the status quo. Is it fair to insinuate that this man has fascist tendencies?

New York City.

A. LONGCHAMP.

SIR: "Romaines," says Mr. Cantwell, "is concerned not with the miseries of the toiling masses, but with the preservation of the status quo." What M. Romaines is concerned with primarily is not the preservation of anything or the destruction of anything, but with the eager and inept, the well intentioned and

blind reactions to a precarious status quo of all men, of a whole society. He is concerned implicitly with the miseries of the toiling masses but more immediately, because he is better acquainted with the field, with the unrest, passions, actions and reactions of other elements in society whose attitude seems at the moment to have more influence on the fate of the status quo than does that of the toiling masses. He is describing with a remarkable combination of detachment, insight and sympathy wide and powerful social strata which will become the raw material either of Fascism or Socialism. To accuse him of preaching the former or to imply that the classes he describes are inherently and inevitably Fascist in character is not only incorrect but, worse, it is unwise. It tends to produce the very situation which Mr. Cantwell is very earnestly but not very tactfully seeking to avoid.

New York City.

CHARLES YOST.

Extracts from Letters

OUR editorial, "Unions for Technicians" [January 24], has proved itself the father of controversy, not as to whether there should be such unions, but whether the organization to which we gave several measures of credit, the Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians, was entitled to them. We said that the Federation blocked some unfortunate features in the Architects' Code. This statement brought the following from Mr. Herman R. Kaplan of Brooklyn, New York:

"The Federation of Architects, Engineers, Chemists and Technicians was *not* the only organization representing employees exclusively which took part in the code hearings on the Construction Industry nor on that of the Architects' Code. The assumption that only because of this opposition was the code withdrawn for further consideration is not an assumption. It is a gross, egotistical presumption. Finally, the Federation is *not* entirely democratic in structure.

"The claim that the Federation's protests caused the withdrawal of the codes is laughable. The reconvened hearings took place some time after the original hearings. The codes were then almost unchanged as regards the provisions against which the Federation had earlier protested. No, the sad truth is that these codes would long since have been adopted were it not for the efforts of the powerful American Federation of Labor and the Building Trades Unions in their demands for the thirty-hour week and the inclusion of minimum rates of pay for the skilled building-trades craftsmen."

To this Mr. Jules Korchien, national secretary of the Federation, replies in kind: "There was only one public hearing on the Architects' Code. At this hearing the Federation was the only organization representing employees exclusively. Perhaps it was not the Federation's protest that forced the withdrawal of the Architects' Code, but if it was not, the withdrawal is difficult to understand, because there was *no other opposition*. As to the Building Trades Unions, their interest was confined solely to the Construction Code, and their contentions applied only to non-professional positions. The only organization that sought to obtain a higher minimum for professional technicians was the Federation. The Federation is and has always been democratic in structure. If Mr. Kaplan has any proof to the contrary, we should be interested—and slightly amazed—to see it."

Mr. George T. Seabury, secretary of the American Society of Civil Engineers, takes up the challenge of the editorial from another angle. We, he says, were uninformed in thinking that the rate of forty cents an hour fixed in the codes applied to technicians. If we had familiarized ourselves with the rulings of the N.R.A. officials we would have observed "... that the wage stipulations which must be inserted in all codes, refer to the wages of common labor only." To be sure, many of the codes state that the minimum rate is to apply to common labor only, but since they do not—as, despite Mr. Seabury, some others do—set a higher minimum for skilled positions, it has in many cases become customary to pay technicians at this rate. The original draft of the Architects' Code read: "An employee who has had at least two years of office experience as a draughtsman ... shall be paid not less than fifty cents an hour. The Hardwood Distillation Code read: "Chemists shall be paid not less than \$14 per week."

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Five New Novels

THERE is a question—not too much to be insisted on, perhaps, but of a moment's interest, anyway—that comes to mind after a reading of these five books.¹ Unlike as they are both in subject matter and in manner of treatment, there is yet this odd point of resemblance: in three of them a young boy is brought suddenly face to face with violence and death, and in two of them at least the effect of the experience, remaining half-submerged in the subconscious, has much to do with the later development of the man's character and with the working out of the drama.

And, remembering other recent novels in which some such situation as this has occurred, one begins to wonder if all this may not be more than coincidence: if the device may not have become, almost without our knowing it, a part of the present-day novelist's machinery of motivation; and if its use, and the peculiar value it has acquired, may not just possibly be traceable to the War—say, as a kind of symbol of that violence which persists in the minds particularly of the younger authors, and which must be assimilated, or sublimated, in some fashion.

About "Come in at the Door," by William March, there is not a great deal to say. Mr. March, it will be remembered, was the author of "Company K," a kind of "Spoon River Anthology" covering the adventures of a company of infantry during the War. It was published about a year ago, and what distinction the book had—which was considerable—rested largely on the sharpness of conception and the almost unsurpassable concision of style the separate episodes showed.

His new book, alas, is different. Its scene is the South—the South of run-down families and ramshackle plantations—and its fundamental concern is with the shattering effects on his after-life that follow when a small boy, Chester Hurry, is taken to see a Negro man, a servant of his father's, hanged. Or at least that is what it starts out to be and what—in a concluding scene of the baldest melodrama—it ends as. But in between, the story, with what significance it might have had, manages for one reason or another to get itself pretty thoroughly lost.

The trouble, I think, is that Mr. March has been at too much pains to be explicit. The boy's psychological involvement is illustrated—in color, so to speak—by the adventures of an uncle who rids himself of his own psychoses by having appropriate symbols tattooed on his body, while the progress of the story is interrupted by a curious character called "The Whisperer," who represents the author and who speaks in parables. Finally, the time sense is indicated by excerpts from the diary of an elderly aunt, elaborating and commenting on the course of the drama.

But this attempt to carry the story on three planes adds no depth to it; it only confuses, and the piling of parable on metaphor fails to bring Mr. March to his goal. He

would have done much better if he had left us to figure out the finer meanings of his fable for ourselves.

"Cinnamon Seed," by Hamilton Basso, laid in much the same setting and having to do with a similar situation, is incomparably the finer work. In fact, without having recourse to comparison at all, it is in itself a thoroughly engrossing and finely considered novel. The study here is of the career of Dekker Blackheath, a boy whose father's suicide leaves him more or less under a cloud, and also throws him on the mercy of his relatives for his rearing. One of these, an uncle, lives in New Orleans and is so thoroughly in the tide of the times that he winds up with a personage for a law-partner who might or might not be Huey Long himself. Another, an acerbitous but devoted aunt, manages in more or less competent fashion the remains of the ancestral plantation up the river.

So, under the tutelage of these two, the boy has a taste both of the new South and of the old; and finally, not too contentedly—in fact, only after much sullen struggling against the hard confines of reality: after drunkennesses, rebellious flights—he settles down in the old way of things, farming the land.

There are faults in the book. It is perhaps too panoramic: there are characters—particularly Dekker's grandfather, whose wordless reminiscences of the South of his times become so important in the structure of the book that his death midway in the narrative makes the remainder seem strangely shallow and colorless—who are almost too fully developed for their place in the story, and this gives the effect at times of crowding things a bit. But all this, though it slows the book's progress, also adds to its richness of texture, and contributes to make a warm and colorful, if the merest shade romanticized, picture of the life of the South today.

Albert Halper's "On the Shore," a collection of sketches mainly about the author's early life in Chicago, marks to my mind a distinct advance over his previous "Union Square." Where his novel failed of its best effect by being too diffuse, too heavy in style and occasionally too melodramatic in content, these studies, some of them frankly autobiographical and some of them thinly fictionized—of life in Chicago's slums, of odd jobs in post offices sorting mail, in shipping rooms and elsewhere—are simply, firmly and effectively done.

Mr. Halper still betrays a certain laziness of style, a willingness always to let faces "sag" or eyes "sparkle," to let half a dozen adjectives often repeated carry the weight of half a hundred; and this is the more unfortunate because his are, one recognizes, honest impressions which are filtered through his sometimes stereotyped phraseology.

One feels, in a sense, that he learned writing all too well. The blurb-jacket of this book, like that of "Union Square," makes much of the fact that he wrote four others before any one of them was published. If this, as one suspects, is made up of excerpts from an earlier volume, it would be interesting to see what his work was like even before that—before he got so competent in the craft.

There are two other novels briefly to be mentioned—more briefly, perhaps, than they deserve. David Cornel DeJong's "Belly Fulla Straw" is the story of the gradual disintegration of a Dutch immigrant family, under pressure of the forces—ambition, hypocrisy, snobbishness—brought to bear on it by Mid-West American life. It is honestly done, and the progression of events by which the downfall

¹ Come in at the Door, by William March. New York: Harrison Smith and Rorbert Haas. \$2.50.

Cinnamon Seed, by Hamilton Basso. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.25.

On the Shore, by Albert Halper. New York: The Viking Press. \$2.

Belly Fulla Straw, by David Cornel DeJong. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Such Is My Beloved, by Morley Callaghan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

of the family is brought about is well considered. Its fault is perhaps that the characters themselves are not developed with sufficient care: one is told that this one is good and that one bad, and is asked to become a partisan in their struggles without quite enough justification. The whole conflict becomes a little incredible in consequence.

Morley Callaghan, whose "Such Is My Beloved" now appears, it seems to me has been undergoing a curious transformation. As his style and his grasp of character and motivation—his whole technique, in fact—become more clear and definite, his notions of plot grow steadily more fantastic. The result is that his later books have something the quality of day-dreams—beautifully clear and richly colorful, but somehow quite unreal from beginning to end.

"Suppose a young priest were to meet two prostitutes . . ." the present book begins, and Mr. Callaghan carries it on from there, smoothly and surely, through the young priest's involvement, his uncertainties, his ununderstanding passion, to his madness in the end. It is done with immense clarity and insight—but all the way through it you feel, so to speak, that it's a million to one shot it never could have happened.

ROBERT M. COATES.

Hillyer's Collected Verse

The Collected Verse of Robert Hillyer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 190 pages. \$2.

ROBERT HILLYER expounds the prosody of Robert Bridges; he is his generation's most accomplished academician. Since the day when Hillyer loosened his resistance to counter-academic cadence, only Horace Gregory has had a surer meter. This collection loses several charming poems by preserving from his eight books only such numbers as really speak his mind. An evasive theosophy, with "favorite unicorns," still persists as decoration. His Satanism, with its moral corrosion—as where he decrees death for "three friends of mine who know my heart"—is more than decoration. But his thoughts on Memory, Death, Ecstasy and Love are usually Epicurean. "Happy were I to be as now forever," he says, "but change is on the world." Change is destructive; he and true poets, conservative—the avowed conservers of "Platitude." If it is lost, nothing can matter. Like goblets of the Augustan Age, his poems are impressed with little skeletons.

Upon the turn of sentiment of his refrains—"Things beautiful and happy are foredoomed"—"It does not matter"—he built for the old Masses a sonnet against war. The New Masses would not take it now; nor would he appear in its pages. What once made his work pertinent to the sensitive is changed. He gives us a New Commandment: Thou shalt not heed. Yet his nihilism is not passively complete. He does mind. It does matter. Sworn to Prince Charming, he is bound, not to justice but to security—security that the vulgar world leave him to see himself against it.

I watch the dying people pass
And I wrap me in my gown.

If he "drift from war to war, from hate to hate" with this Platitude, logic would drive him Nazi and his dread destruction enter him. Fealty to Prince Charming corrodes Americans. Fantastic feudalism italicizes the incapacity of the Epicurean dictates of Hillyer's prosody. The critics of the Left can't take him down, or turn him round. Let some of his own less developed Platitudes seize all Radicals

with resolution born of despair. For, thanks to conscripts who "taste commands like acid," and thanks to "slaves far freer than the free"—"the mirrors of all the ages . . . wherein are sealed the beauties of the world . . . shall break, and yield to life again what never really dies." Whether in politics or prosody, to be conservative is to be revolutionary. The fluid world rushes to perfect his negligent intuitions, he need only face it to fix them. But Robert Hillyer, the Augustan, is a worthy laureate of Harvard, happiest in pastorals, where he is removed from human stress.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT.

H.M.S. "Bounty"

Mutiny on the Bounty, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.50.

Men Against the Sea, by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

THE FACTS of buried treasure, Jolly Rogers and piratical swashbuckling in general have passed so completely into fiction that it is difficult to conceive of anything like a mutiny in terms not romantic. Yet transpose a bit—for ship read State, for mutiny, Revolution—and you have a picture which might cause a murmur among certain of the citizenry. In 1789, aboard His Majesty's ship "Bounty," the idea held as much of horror and, if possible, more. But on an April morning of that year His Majesty's vicar afloat was roused out on deck in his shirt-tails, and then and there, with attendant flourishes of lethal cutlery and much profane comment, the impossible was acted out. Captain Bligh, iron man and fire eater, was invited to leave in an open boat, and left. It is one of those acts which grip the imagination, pointing at once in two directions: However did they bring it about? and, When did they hang?

The questions have of course been answered and the story revived in "Mutiny on the Bounty"—which book I have only just read, somewhat to my disappointment. It is a good book, no doubting that. But I had assumed that the potential drama indicated above would be more fully realized: I had expected more. As it is, the authors seem to have been run away with by their material. Bent on including all the many parts, they have left the whole to shift for itself, and the result is that the more important parts themselves are denied proper relief. The actual mutiny is got out of the way too early and hastily to put you in real touch with the forces inherent. You see men flogged, driven, underfed and all the rest, but the smolder of discontent is allowed to grow into a shouting bonfire without more than occasional mention. Such admirable qualities as the authors still display I shall consider presently in connection with a book which shows them to better advantage. What seems to me significant here is the intrinsic weakness in management of materials, the lack of structural ability, which a comparison of both books betrays.

In "Men Against the Sea," the authors have a tight framework all ready to hand, and it will be no hasty praise to say that seldom has a historical skeleton been so admirably tricked out in flesh and sinew. Those set adrift in the "Bounty's" launch were almost seven weeks in making Timor, fighting every inch of the 3,618 miles with their common enemy, the sea, "as though it were not a mindless force but a conscious one, bent upon our destruction." The

story begins and ends in that boat, constricting its focus to the grotesque exertions, the speech and silences of eighteen scarecrow figures, well beyond all known breaking points, yet sharing equally of their hope and labor, their crumbs of rotten biscuit. It is told with imagination, roundly, without varnish. By and large, it gets pretty grand. For you participate not merely in the excitement of casual adventure, but in the mortal triumph of this solidarity, this common stand in the face of such intensely personal terrors as hunger and thirst and loss of mind. The spirit and tough heroism of the whole thing center mainly in Bligh, formerly a shadowy villain, now shooting up to the stature he assumed in the eyes of his men: "... rags hanging from his wasted limbs, his hand on the tiller, the low scud flying close overhead... he was unique, one man in ten thousand." In his figure, here in this boat, I recognize a touch of creative power which is enough to deepen and unify the whole story of what happened to those who stood by His Majesty on that April morning. To do as much for the bigger theme of the mutineers, of those who exploded the grim joke of His Majesty's bounty itself, the firm of Nordhoff and Hall would, apparently, have to take on another member.

OTIS C. FERGUSON.

The Passionate Pilgrim

Vincent Van Gogh, by Julius Meier-Graefe. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 257 pages and 61 illustrations. \$3.

THIS "Pilgrim's Progress" of a creative genius is a work of art in itself. Using Vincent Van Gogh's letters as a base, Meier-Graefe has made an absorbing epic of the effort of this curious, unique individual to find expression. The most vivid episode is the exposure of a passionate but esthetically half-frozen Northerner to the visual intoxication of sun-baked Provence. The masterly description of the creative frenzy that resulted is the axis around which the book revolves. But an even more significant pattern is unfolded. As the tale progresses we see Van Gogh's art as the happy result of a brilliant, psychopathic provincial's undergoing the refining processes of one of the greatest art traditions that Europe has evolved—the nineteenth-century French tradition.

Power, zeal, fanaticism, Vincent naturally possessed—the naïve, unharnessed *Weltschmerz* of a wandering prophet. There have been plenty of poetic zealots like Van Gogh. But they have not possessed his amazing power to express himself in paint, and the fanatics that have become artists have not always had the good fortune to be exposed to so important a tradition. And then Van Gogh had a quality that equipped him to derive the maximum benefit from such an experience. He had an almost masochistic humility in the presence of other masters—a readiness to identify himself with one after another in turn: with Monticelli, that "besotted drunkard who cheerfully ended his days in the gutter"; with Pissarro, Gauguin, Lautrec, and above all with Seurat, whose rather Tolstoyan point of view was so sympathetic to his own and whose Pointillist spots he lengthened and twisted to his own ends. Here Meier-Graefe is at his best in giving us the authentic quality of this art circle to which every member, including Van Gogh himself, "contributed his mite." One sees how his contact with that environment freed and brightened his palette, though it did not fetter his soul. Despite brother Theo's fears that Vincent would succumb to Parisian dilettantism, he retained his individuality through it all.

His art has the advantage as well as the disadvantage of resistance to discipline. His tempestuous force could not be tamed; it could only be refined. As a result, his work has the virtue of overwhelming, dynamic power but, except for a few notable examples, lacks the equilibrium of the greatest art.

To return to Meier-Graefe's book. The insistent staccato rhythm—not unlike the tom-tom in O'Neill's "Emperor Jones"—is a most appropriate medium to suggest the seething unrest battering within the shell of Van Gogh's personality. With a histrionic power worthy of a great actor Meier-Graefe has reincarnated the spirit of Van Gogh. Rarely has such an absorbing drama been made solely out of an individual's birth-pains in translating his emotion into paint. The explosive energy of Van Gogh was particularly well suited as subject matter of such a drama. For his painting is much more compulsive than that of other great masters. Emotion is directly transmuted into paint. It did not go through so many complicated cerebral processes before the product was evolved.

Of all the episodes in the book the most interesting is the contact between Gauguin and Van Gogh. Meier-Graefe artfully suggests the contrast between the man who knows too much and feels too little and the man who knows too little and feels too much. Popular opinion still regards Gauguin as a sort of primitive. Here we see him as the cosmopolitan sophisticate patronizing Van Gogh, the authentic primitive, whose work was emotionally too intense for him to appreciate. Even at the end, after Van Gogh's death, this attitude of Gauguin persisted. He "did not consider it advisable to waste time upon the products of a man... who is mentally deficient and was not in favor of an exhibition." The art-loving world has disagreed with Gauguin.

SAM A. LEWISOHN.

Scientist into Somnambulist

The Human Problems of an Industrial Civilization, by Elton Mayo. New York: The Macmillan Company. 194 pages. \$2.

THIS BOOK shows what happens when a scientist comes out of his laboratory. So long as he sticks to instruments, data and technique, he proceeds intelligently and usefully; as soon as he deserts them he flounders.

Drawing upon the work of technicians, most of whom have been concerned with the relation of human variables to industrial-production curves—and especially upon the findings of a five-year experiment at the Western Electric works in Chicago—the author, who is professor of Industrial Research of the Harvard School of Business Administration, establishes some interesting conclusions as to the nature of "fatigue," "monotony" and "morale." One of the most interesting is that the significant factor in raising the production rate of an experimental group of factory workers was their acquiring a feeling that their own self-determination and well-being were the major considerations and that their work was secondary. In the course of analyzing the researches, Professor Mayo lays needed stress (without, perhaps, adequate warning against mysticism) on the methodological principle that a dynamic and not merely quantitative interrelation exists among the factors in a given situation, so that a change in one factor may work surprising and profound qualitative changes in the totality.

Then by a sort of abracadabra which in the context seems to flout his data and methodology, Professor Mayo writes

two chapters on the ills of the world and what can be done about them. Here are a few scattered and typical quotations:

We are suffering from what McDougall has described as "lopsidedness" in the development of an élite . . . we do not lack an able administrative élite, but the élite of the several civilized powers is at present insufficiently posted in the biological and social facts involved in social organization and control. . . . "Economic nationalism" is but a sign of failure to state the complexity of the human factors contained in the problems of working together. . . . Socialism, Communism, Marxism, would seem to be irrelevant to the industrial events of the twentieth century. . . . The problem [the general breakdown of public morale and ethics] is not that of the sickness of an acquisitive society; it is that of the acquisitiveness of a sick society.

And while Professor Mayo appears to deny that the human problems of our industrial society are determined by our economy, he bewails as the most melancholy fact of our time the lack of development of biological and anthropological studies which could properly inform our élite. Here is clearly shown the author's insensitivity to his data; for it is by his own statement we learn that this promising Western Electric study (which would have made available to our "élite" a most useful body of knowledge) was brought to an untimely end by the economic crisis. Indeed, the remaining impression from the second half of the book is that of a sleepwalker threading his precarious way among hard facts, apparently never seeing them yet somehow never quite barking his shins. WINCHELL TAYLOR.

Pilsudski's Poland

Poland, by Roman Dybowski. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 443 pages. \$5.

OF THE three Slavic states, Poland, Czechoslovakia and Jugoslavia, which owe their existence to the forces released by the World War, Poland, being the largest and the most controversial, is also the most important in relation to the current European mess. It deserves close attention. The next war is likely to begin over the Polish Corridor. Therefore, almost any serious book about the country is of timely interest, and the present volume—one of the "Nations of the World" series, edited and published in England and distributed here by Scribner's—is nothing if not a serious piece of work.

Doctor Dybowski is professor of English Literature at the University of Cracow and a writer on historical and cultural subjects. He is also a rather conventional Polish patriot of the old order, and this is his chief weakness in this book. He writes with vigor and makes a full case for Poland from the standpoint of the ruling class. He is proud of the fact that Poland in 1919, "freshly risen from its grave, amidst appalling ruin . . . put a million men into the field and drove back the whole huge force of Soviet Russia from the gates of Central Europe." He neglects to say that the Allies and the United States furnished those million men with arms and money, and is probably incapable of perceiving that Poland has been a lackey-state to Western imperialism ever since. He gives only a few lines to the general pauperization of the Polish peasant masses during the present depression and appears to be ignorant of the exploitation of industrial workers in the textile mills of Lodz and other factory centers. He makes no mention

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whatever of the 9,000 political prisoners rotting in various penitentiaries so that Pilsudski, the former radical, and his military cabal may stay in power and serve their foreign masters.

But, with all these shortcomings, the book is valuable. It contains a wealth of authentic information about Poland's enormous natural resources, present governmental structure, historic background, education and cultural life. I recommend it for that.

LOUIS ADAMIC.

Books in Brief

AMERICANA

THEY ALL SANG, by Edward B. Marks. *New York: The Viking Press. 332 pages, illustrated. \$3.50.*

The bones of history lie within the considerable entertainment of this inside account of Tin Pan Alley. Here is the rise of popular song from the days of "Take Back Your Gold" to those of "Oh, Didn't He Ramble?" and onward. The fall of vaudeville, the sad latter days of minstrelsy, the happy reverberations of hits, the deadly advances of mechanics, the capture of the song market by colored writers, are described in circumstantial and often gaudy detail. Warblers and pluggers are pictured with unabashed candor. Figures like Harrigan and Hart, Montague and Heath, and Tony Pastor slide in and out. Many small valuable nuggets may be found like who wrote "Listen to the Mockingbird." The book is written in what might be called a neo-vaudeville style, but it ends on a scholarly note with several impressive appendices, one of these listing 1,545 songs outstanding in the author's memory.

C. R.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

MARK TWAIN, SON OF MISSOURI, by Minnie M. Brashear. *Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press. 310 pages. \$3.*

This book, like DeVoto's, is intended partly to refute the view of Mark Twain which Van Wyck Brooks first expounded, and which no discussion of the man can now avoid. Miss Brashear is less shrewish than DeVoto and more concrete; her book, in fact, is mainly made up of quotations from old Missouri newspapers, early journalistic work of Clemens', youthful letters and the like; and its purpose is to show that, in spite of Brooks, life in Hannibal in Sam Clemens' childhood was far from primitive, that there was a good deal of culture about, that the youth's literary stirrings were encouraged rather than not, and that Mark Twain was far better read, and more deeply influenced by his reading, than he himself gave out, or than writers such as Brooks have realized. Of course it is all true in its way, and Miss Brashear's industry has brought together a lot of genuinely interesting material; but the approach that refuses to allow for any tragic complexity in Mark Twain's life, or any ominous ambiguity in his relation to his age, is an approach condemned to a certain literalness and shallowness. Miss Brashear, moreover, evidently idealizes the Old South and its social ways, and this makes one wonder how far her picture of the "idyllic" life of Hannibal can be taken without a grain of salt.

N. A.

TOWARD THE FLAME, by Hervey Allen. *New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 295 pages, illustrated by Lyle Justis. \$2.50.*

Anthony's public not having been adverse, the publishers have reissued Hervey Allen's earlier book, his war diary. It isn't well written, but the story is engrossing—the author's own adventure was more convincing than anything that happened to his future hero. Allen was lieutenant of a company of the Pennsylvania National Guard that was nearly wiped out, as the result of the blundering effort of a French general to hold a bridgehead over the River Vesle. General Pershing was "irritated," but General Bullard remarked that the French general "was a fighting man. He never ceased to press the enemy."

HISTORY

THE MONROE DOCTRINE: 1826-1867, by Dexter Perkins. *Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. 580 pages. \$3.50.*

In this volume—which contains the Albert Shaw lectures delivered last year at Johns Hopkins—Professor Perkins of the University of Rochester carries on the study of the Monroe Doctrine that he began with a volume published in 1927. The author shows that between 1826 and 1843 the Monroe Doctrine was unnoticed. It was saved from oblivion by President Polk's message of December 2, 1845. Even at that time a number of statesmen contended that Monroe had not wished to establish a permanent principle, but merely to meet a given emergency by an isolated act. Such was the view forcefully developed by John C. Calhoun in 1848. But the growing expansionism within the United States found the Monroe Doctrine a convenient means to advance its ends; and although the Civil War prevented Seward from making an energetic defense of it, the Doctrine was finally vindicated by the French withdrawal from Mexico in 1866. Although Mr. Perkins has not given his subject the acute political analysis it receives in a recent volume by Professor Barcio Trelles, he has made a thorough and interesting study, and students of American diplomacy will look forward to the two additional volumes in which Professor Perkins plans to complete the history of what has been the foundation of American foreign policy.

THE OLD PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, by Alfred LeRoy Burt. *Minneapolis: The University of Minnesota Press. 578 pages. \$5.*

Here is a scholarly study of one of the early problems of British imperialism, by which a colony which was alien in both race and religion was brought within the British realm. Even before 1760 the Acadians were a distinct people, separated by many traits from France; and their assimilation within the still unformed British system was complicated by ensuing wars on this continent as well as by uncertainties of policy in Parliament. Professor Burt traces fully the slow steps of change during the thirty crucial years that followed the British conquest. Human values are kept well to the fore, both in the portraiture of outstanding figures of government and diplomacy and in the revelation of the everyday life of the province. In an early passage Professor Burt remarks that "the fresh air of country life blows through many of the documents," and he keeps that fresh air blowing throughout his voluminous study without resorting to the easy decorations of the picturesque. What gives depth and scale to his book is the freedom and brilliancy with which he has followed out the larger ramifications of his subject, including related phases of the American Revolution, the diplomacy of Franklin, the establishment of boundaries: to this last he brings new documentary material and interesting speculation. C. R.

WORLD POLITICS

THE CHINA YEAR BOOK: 1933, edited by H. G. W. Woodhead. *The University of Chicago Press. 802 pages. \$12.50.*

As a reference book on China, this issue of the China Year Book is as indispensable as its distinguished predecessors. It includes the complete text of the official summary of the Lytton Commission Report and a number of important documents on the Sino-Japanese dispute, on the resumption of Sino-Soviet relations, and on the treaty of arbitration with the United States. Most of the chapters contain interesting new material, particularly those on labor and finance. But, in common with the other issues, this book is a source of reliable information only on topics on which the imperialist prejudices of the editor do not cut a very sharp figure. For instance, the tremendous social struggle that occupies the center of the stage in China is practically ignored. Much valuable documentary material is available on the extremely significant institutions and policies of Soviet China, but not even a hint of it could be found in this book. C. T. C.

FICTION

CHRONICLE OF AN INFAMOUS WOMAN, by David Liebovitz. *New York: The Macaulay Company. \$2.*

Although Mr. Liebovitz's second novel is not so successful as his previous "Youth Dares All" (published anonymously), it is never-

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theless an unusual performance. Richness and depth inform this chronicle of a woman whose doom enlarged the imagination of the community in which she lived; in its simplicity and compelling eloquence it has something of the quality of a true ballad. Mr. Liebovitz's failure is chiefly one of form; he is so absorbed in creating the legend in his woman that he neglects to create completely the woman in his legend.

THE HAWK AND THE TREE, by Patrick Carleton, *New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.* \$2.50.

The days of Jeffrey Farnol's Amateur Gentlemen are dead. Nowadays we have amateur proletarians, young men of England who spurn the advantages of gentle birth in order to get a taste of the "real," the ungentlemanly side of life. The chief character of this interesting novel belongs to the new category of heroes. He quits school-teaching because he craves reality—though at heart he is an unquenchable romanticist. Taking to the broad highway, he gets a job as barman. In a sensitive but somewhat overwritten style, the author follows his career as a circus handyman, an assistant in an antique shop and, finally, a writer and boxer; during that time there are interludes when he experiences hunger and destitution. The author admires Bill for preferring the life of a boxer to that of a successful novelist. But although Bill has, admittedly, achieved his taste for reality, it is the kind of reality that exists in a vacuum. He might just as well have achieved a taste for olives.

J. M.

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"The Psychological Situations Which Precede a Revolution."

Contributors

RUSSELL LORD, frequent contributor to, and formerly an editor of, *The Country Home*, is now attached to the Department of Agriculture on special assignments in the administration of the Farm Act. He edited "The Education of a Princess," the memoirs of Grand Duchess Marie.

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH is a frequent contributor to magazines and the author of a novel, "Damned If They Do," which deals with the medical angle of obstetrics.

ALLEN TATE is the author of two books of poems, "Mr. Pope and Other Poems" and "Poems: 1928-1931."

HILDEGARDE FLANNER, a resident of California, is the author of "Time's Profile," a book of verse. She lectures on modern poetry in California and Mexico.

JOHN DOS PASSOS is now in Key West, Florida, completing his new novel, "In All Countries."

ROBERT M. COATES, author of "The Eater of Darkness," "The Outlaw Years" and "Yesterday's Burdens," was formerly book reviewer for *The New Yorker*.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT is executive secretary of the Rebel Arts of Boston. He will soon edit a brochure, "Poems for a Dime."

OTIS C. FERGUSON, now doing free-lance reviewing in New York City, served four years as an enlisted man in the United States Navy.

SAM A. LEWISOHN, trustee and secretary of the Museum of Modern Art, is a frequent contributor to art periodicals. He is a collector of nineteenth-century French paintings and of the works of contemporary American and French masters.

WINCHELL TAYLOR is the editor of *The American News*, a controlled-vocabulary paper using the Swenson 900-word vocabulary, published by the Language Research Institute of New York City.

LOUIS ADAMIC is the author of "Dynamite," "Laughing in the Jungle" and "The Native's Return," the last a picture of conditions in his native Yugoslavia recently published by Harper's.

The initials signed to the brief reviews are those of Ne Arvin, Constance Rourke, Ch'ao-Ting Chi and Mangione.

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